

July and
August

★ FEATURING
★ DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

10¢



VOL. 4 NO. 2

AL BASTARD

LET
FREEDOM
RING

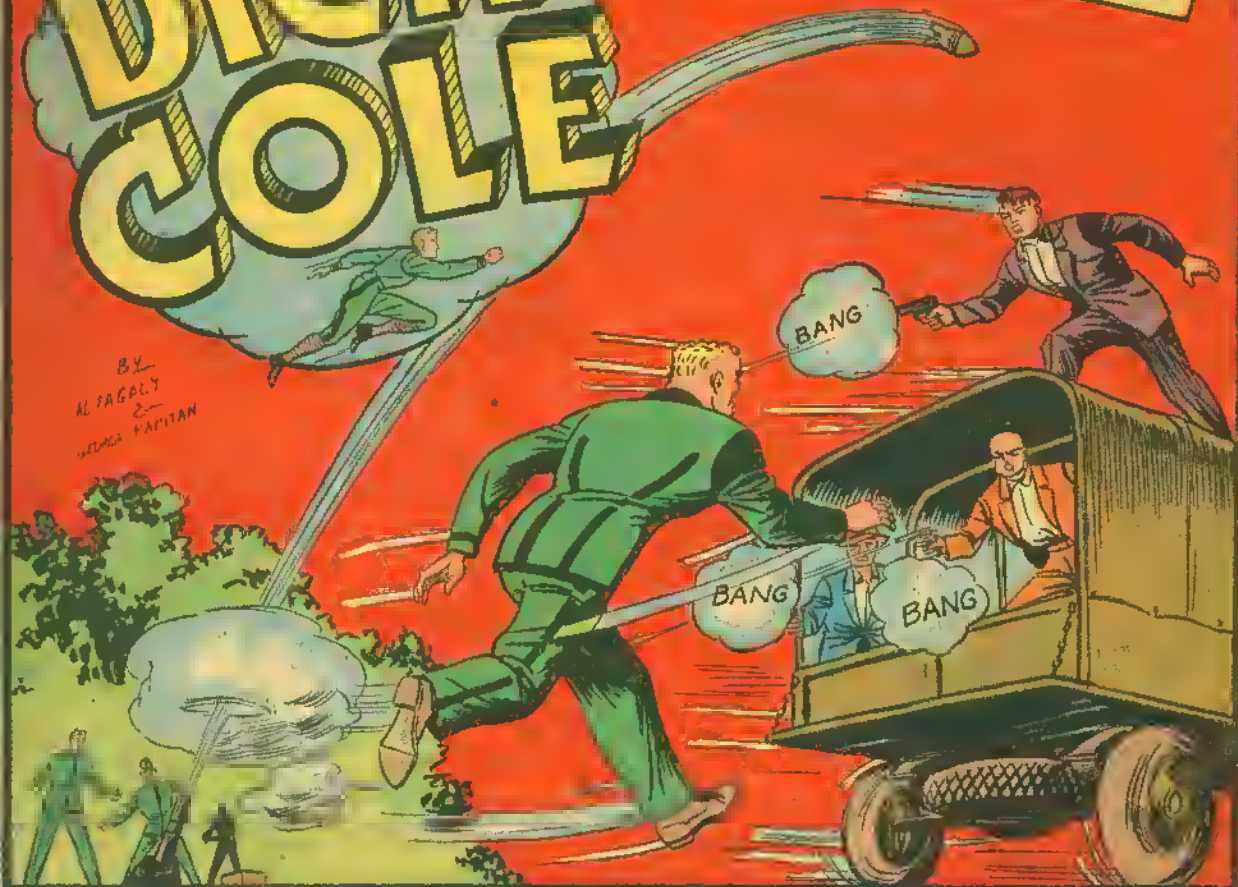
BLUE
BOLT

[illegible]

DICK COLE

BY
AL FAGGLEY
&
WILLIS FARRIS

THE FARR BOYS SET OUT TO
LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT
ARMY ORDNANCE - AND
END THE DAY VICTORIOUS
OVER THEIR OWN PARTICULAR
ENEMY!



DICK AND SIMBA WATCH A UNITED STATES ARMY TRUCK
BACK INTO FARR'S ARSENAL...

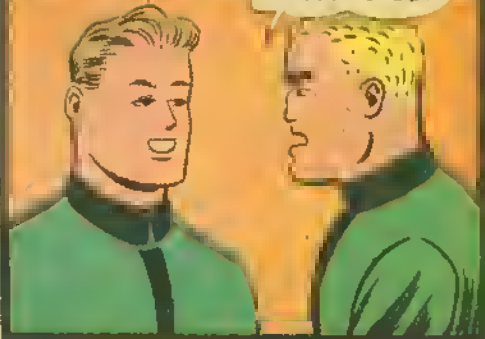
WHAT'S THE ARMY
DOING HERE? ARE
THEY TAKING OVER?

WHAT A MEMORY
YOU HAVE
SIMBA!



THEY'RE UNLOADING THE
TRENCH MORTARS WERE
GOING TO USE IN
TOMORROW'S MANEUVERS.

OH, THAT'S
RIGHT -
UNCLE
SAM'S
LENDING
THEM TO US.



THOSE ARE THREE INCH
MORTARS! I'LL BET THEY
KICK LIKE MULES!

HERE'S HOPING THEY
AREN'T AS STUBBORN.

SEE YOU LATER, SIMBA!
MAJOR FARR WANTS TO
GIVE ME SOME LAST-
MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS
FOR TOMORROW.

YOU'RE GOING TO
COMMAND THE
MORTAR DETAIL,
EH?

MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWN OF WARING SIX MILES
FROM DAUNTON...

HOPE THIS GOES ACCORDING
TO BALDY'S SCHEDULE.

A SUDDEN VOLLEY OF GUN SHOTS
ANNOUNCES ROBBERY AND DEATH!

INTO THE CAR,
SNAKES! HURRY!

YEAH... SOON'S
I PLUG DAT
COPPER!

BAN

AGHRRR! HIT THE
DUST,
BRASS
BUTTONS!

BEAT IT, RED! I KNOW
AN OLD SHACK WE CAN
HIDE OUT IN TILL THIS
BLOWS OVER... WE
GOTTA DITCH THE
CAR FIRST!

OH-H-
OHH!

THE NEXT DAY, DICK AND HIS
GUN CREW ARRIVE ON THE FIELD!

ALL RIGHT, YOU FELLOWS!
PILE OUT AND SET UP
THE MORTARS! WE'LL
HAVE ONE BATTERY
COMPOSED OF THREE
UNITS— A, B, AND
C GUNS

WHAT'S
OUR
OBJECTIVE,
DICK?

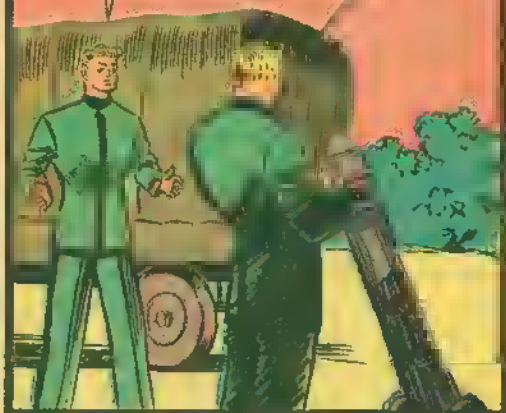
THE MORTARS ARE PLACED IN POSITION.

THAT DESERTED SHACK IS OUR FIRST TARGET. THEORETICALLY, IT HOLDS AN ENEMY MACHINE GUN NEST AND MUST BE DESTROYED!

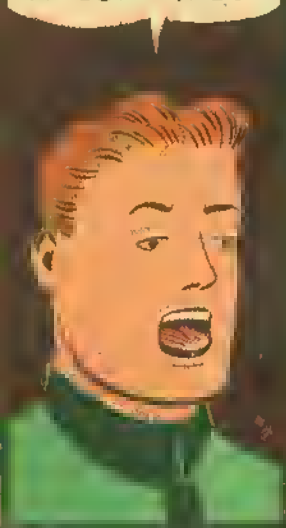


SIMBA, YOUR "A" GUN WILL FIRE A SMOKE SHELL TO GET THE AIM...

"A" MORTAR READY TO FIRE SMOKE SHELL, COMMANDER COLE!

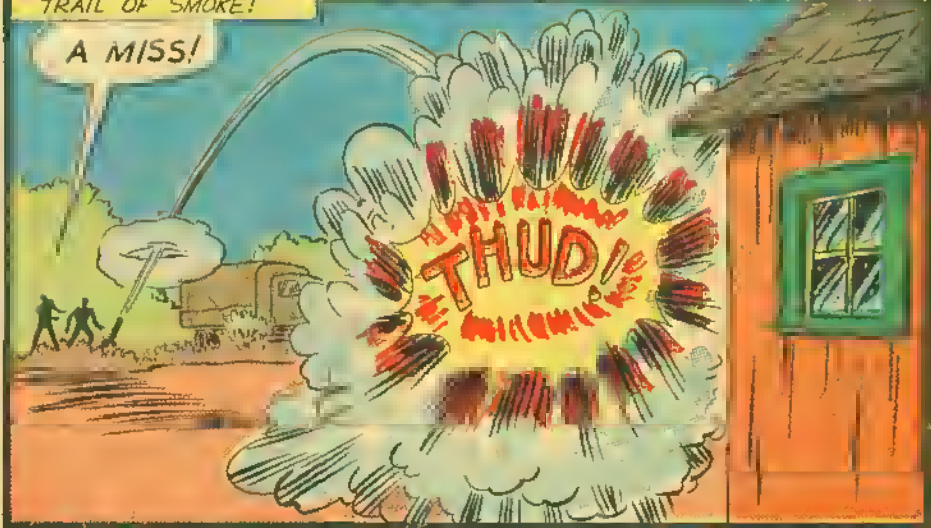


"A" GUN FIRE!



THE PROJECTILE HISSES OUT OF THE TUBE, LEAVING A JET BLACK TRAIL OF SMOKE!

A MISS!



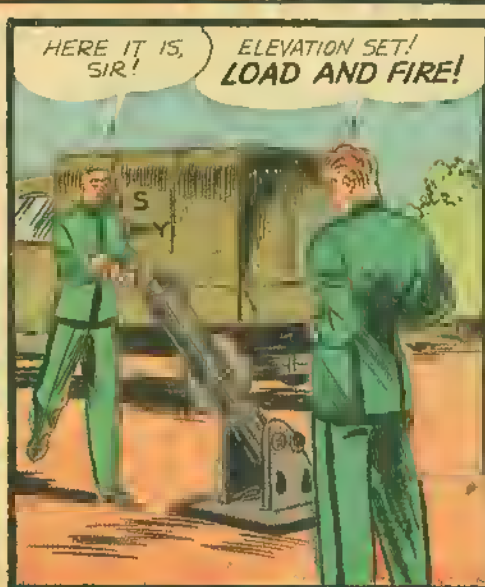
TOO MUCH ELEVATION, SIMBA— ADJUST THAT AND BRING A LIVE SHELL UP.

RIGHTO, SIR!



HERE IT IS, SIR!

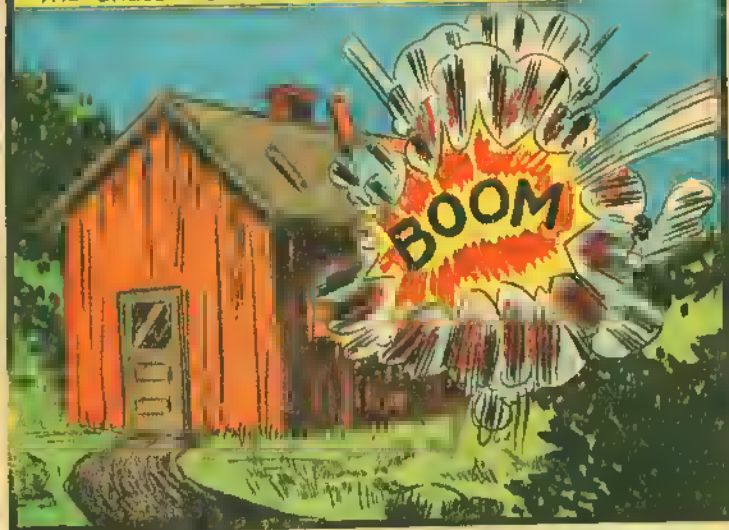
ELEVATION SET! LOAD AND FIRE!



HERE SHE GOES!

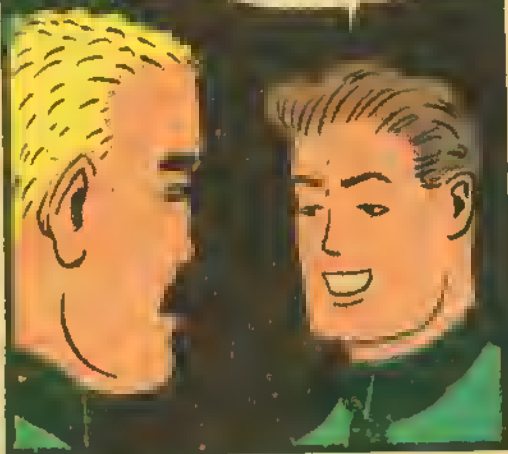


THE SHELL LOBS INTO THE SHACK AND...



DIRECT HIT.
DICK!

GREAT! I THINK
YOU'LL MAKE A
GOOD ARTILLERYMAN,
SIMBA.

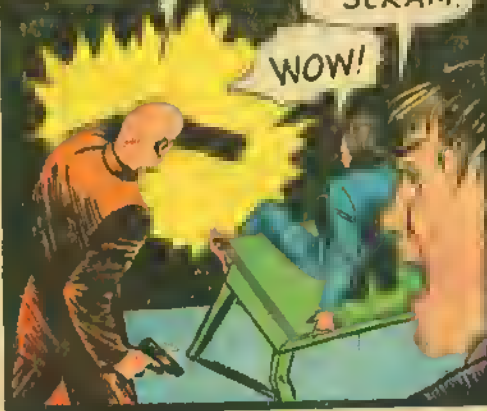


WITHIN THE BLASTED SHACK, THREE
EVIL MEN ARE BADLY SURPRISED...

FOR THE LUVVA—!
WHAT WAS THAT?

THE
COPS!
LET'S
SCRAM!

WOW!



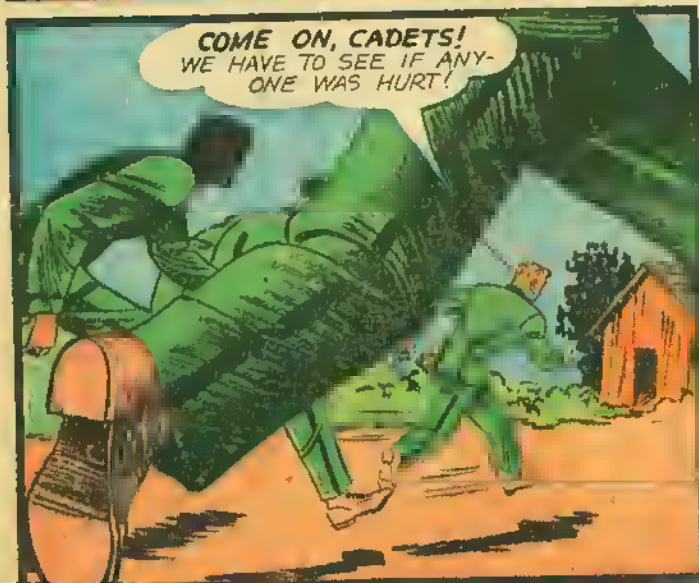
AS THE CROOKS BOLT FOR THE WOODS...

HOLY SMOKES!
DICK— LOOK!

WHA—? THOSE TRAMPS
MUST HAVE BEEN LIVING
IN THAT OLD SHACK!



COME ON, CADETS!
WE HAVE TO SEE IF ANY-
ONE WAS HURT!



AT THE SHACK...

NO ONE ELSE
HERE!

WE'D BETTER
SCOUT AROUND
INSIDE!



THOSE TRAMPS
SEEMED TO BE
ALL RIGHT!

TRAMPS NOTHING!
THEY HAD GUNS! AND, SAY!
ONE OF THEM HAD
RED HAIR!

RED HAIR? GOSH,
ONE OF THE WARING
BANK ROBBERS HAD
RED HAIR!

I'LL BET
MY PUP
TENT THEY'RE
THE CROOKS!
BUT THEY'RE MILE
AWAY BY NOW!

MEANWHILE...

BLAST THOSE KIDS!
THEY'VE JUST GONE
INTO THE SHACK!

AND THE DOUGH'S STILL
THERE!

WE SHOULD'VE
GRABBED IT
BEFORE WE
RAN OUT

YEAH WELL,
WHY DON'T WE
RUSH THE
KIDS?

NO- WAIT! IF THE KIDS
WERE TO GET HURT
WORKIN' THE MORTARS-!
STICK AROUND AND
COVER ME!

WOTCHA
GONNA
DO?

CAUTIOUSLY, BALDY MAKES
FOR THE NEAREST MORTAR

SHEDDUP-
AN' WATCH!

OKAY-
WE'VE GOT
YA
COVERED.

THE CROOK REACHES
THE B MORTAR...

I DIDN'T OPERATE ONE
OF THESE IN THE LAST
WAR FOR NOTHIN'!

BALDY PICKS OUT A MORTAR SHELL ...

THESE BABIES HAVE A PROPELLING CHARGE ON THE BOTTOM NOW- WE UNSCREW THIS CAP!



... AFTER WE POUR OUT MOST OF THE CHARGE, WE PUT THE CAP BACK AND NOW- LET'S SEE WHAT RESULTS WE GET!



HEY, BALDY! HURRY UP! THOSE KIDS ARE COMING BACK!

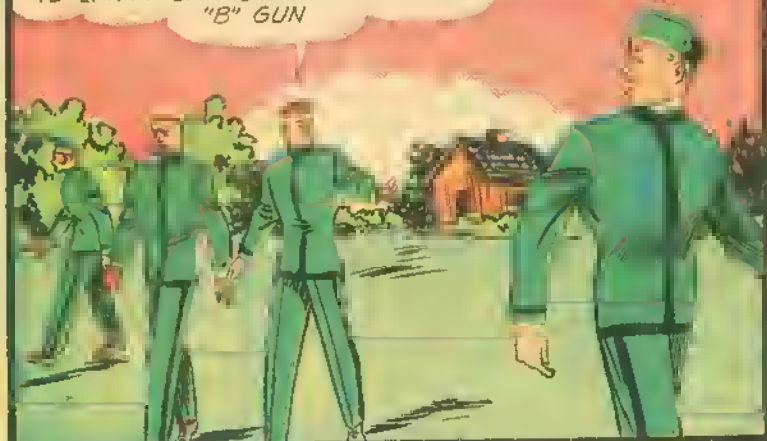
OKAY BY ME! I GOT THOSE SHELLS ALL FIXED!



MEANTIME, SIMBA AND HIS MEN RETURN...

CADET SERGEANT BENSON, REPORT THIS INCIDENT TO THE MAJOR! WE'RE GOING TO CARRY ON INSTRUCTION ON THE "B" GUN

YES, SIR!



YOUR TARGET IS THIS CIRCLE BUT DON'T FIRE ON THE SHACK THERE MAY BE CLUES IN THERE



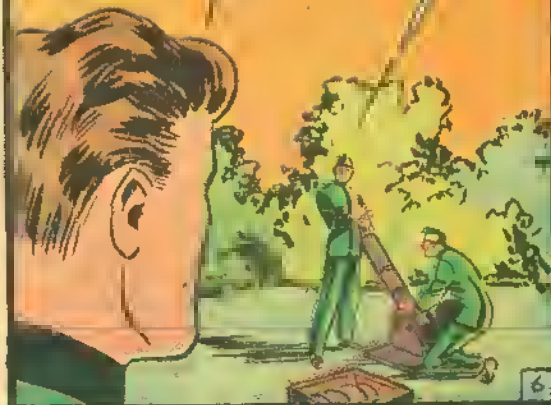
ORDERS UNDERSTOOD? PREPARE TO FIRE!

RIGHT, SIR!



READY ON THE LEFT! READY ON THE RIGHT! READY ON THE FIRING LINE! FIRE!

FIRE!



THE SHELL IS DROPPED. THEN...

OMIGOSH! THE CHARGE DIDN'T EXPLODE!

IT'S LANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!

DUCK, FELLOWS!

... AND ...

YEOW!

BOOM!

EIEE-E-E

GOOD GRIEF, DICK- THEY'RE OUT COLD!

NO WOUNDS SHOWING... THEY WERE KNOCKED OUT BY THE CONCUSSION! DETAIL AN EMERGENCY SQUAD TO RUN THEM TO THE HOSPITAL!

WHILE THE UNCONSCIOUS BOYS ARE BEING SPED BACK TO THE CAMPUS...

SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THESE SHELLS. LISTEN!

YEAH. SOUNDS LIKE LOOSE POWDER TO ME!

YES- OR- NONE AT ALL IN THE PROPULSION TUBE!

DICK UNSCREWS THE CHAMBER AND INVESTIGATES.

SOME ONE HAS SABOTAGED THESE SHELLS. LOOK!

WOW!

THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH POWDER LEFT TO LOB IT ABOUT TWENTY FEET!... BUT HOW?

WHILE, IN THE THICKET...

THEY'RE NOT GETTIN' AWAY... I'M GONNA PLUG THAT BIG GUY!

WAIT! WE DON'T WANT THAT WHOLE GANG OF KIDS DOWN ON US!

THE SUN GLINTS OFF RED'S GUN AND ATTRACTS DICK'S ATTENTION.

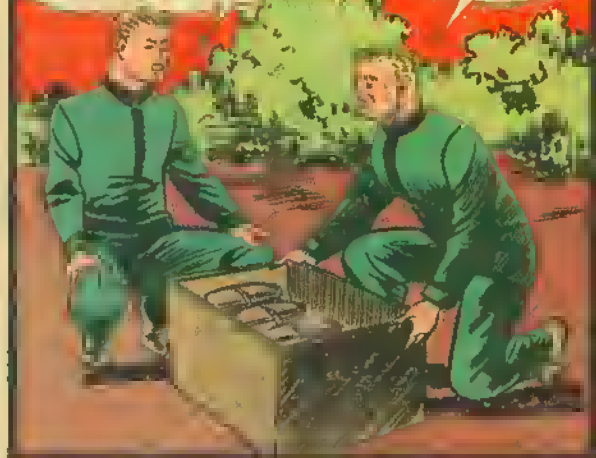
SIMBA! I SAW THE FLASH OF LIGHT FROM A GUN BARREL IN THE THICKET—NO—DON'T TURN AROUND!

HEY! I DON'T WANT A SLUG IN MY BACK!



IT'S THOSE CROOKS! MAKE BELIEVE WE DON'T KNOW. THEY'RE THERE... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WE COULD USE A GOOD BRAIN STORM RIGHT NOW!



NONCHALANTLY, DICK CALLS THE CADETS TOGETHER AND OUTLINES A PLAN.

WE'LL BLAST THEM OUT OF THE WOODS WITH THE MORTARS! EXAMINE ALL THE SHELLS CAREFULLY, THOUGH. WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER ACCIDENT!

BOY! THEY'LL RUN RIGHT INTO OUR ARMS!



HURRIEDLY, THE BOYS DIRECT THE MORTARS TOWARD THE WOODS.

COMMENCE RAPID FIRE WHEN READY!

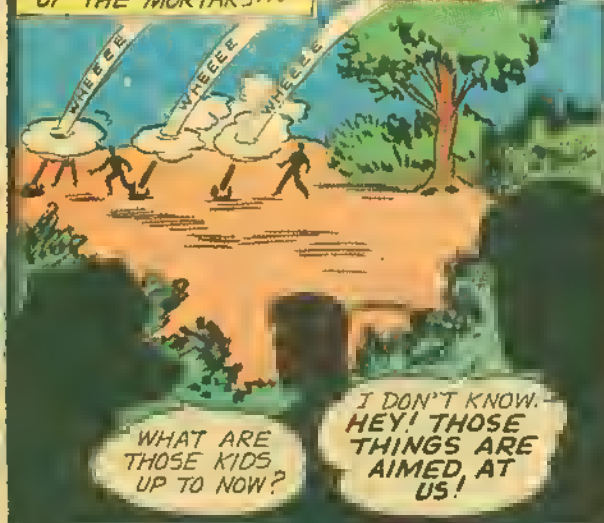
HERE GOES, COLE!

WE'RE READY, SIR!

OKAY!



TRIPLE STREAKS OF DESTRUCTION ARCH OUT OF THE MORTARS...



WHAT ARE THOSE KIDS UP TO NOW?

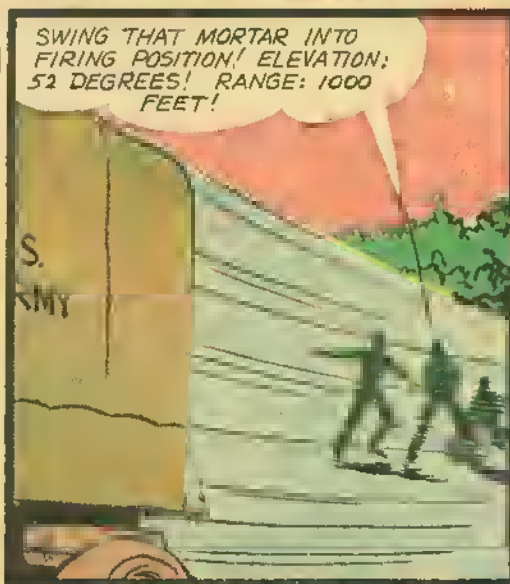
I DON'T KNOW. HEY! THOSE THINGS ARE AIMED AT US!

THE SHELLS EXPLODE DIRECTLY BEHIND THE GANGSTERS...



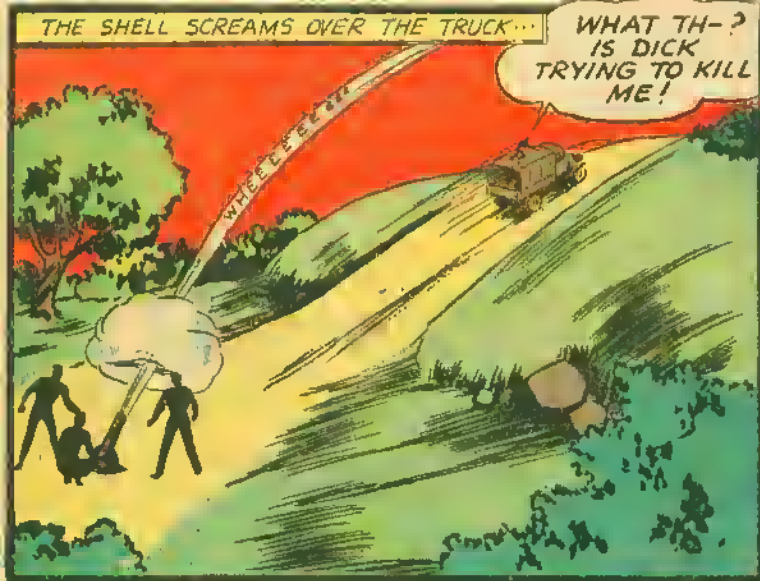
GET DOWN! THEY'RE BOMBING US!

DUCK!



THE SHELL SCREAMS OVER THE TRUCK...

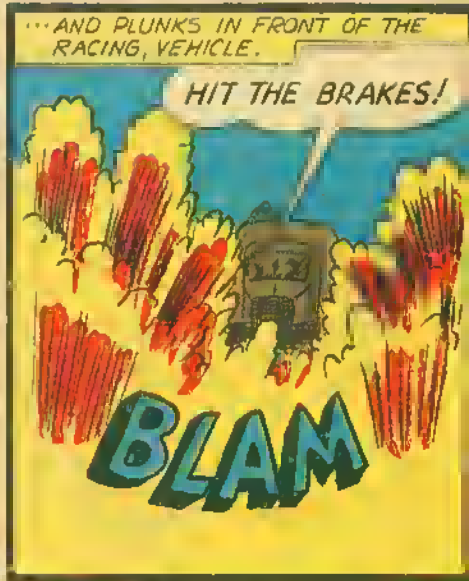
WHAT TH-?
IS DICK
TRYING TO KILL
ME!



...AND PLUNKS IN FRONT OF THE
RACING VEHICLE.

HIT THE BRAKES!

BLAM



WOW!
CLOSE!

LET'S GET OUT OF
THIS CRATE AND
TRY THE WOODS
AGAIN!



I'D LIKE TO
MURDER THOSE
INFERNAL
KIDS!

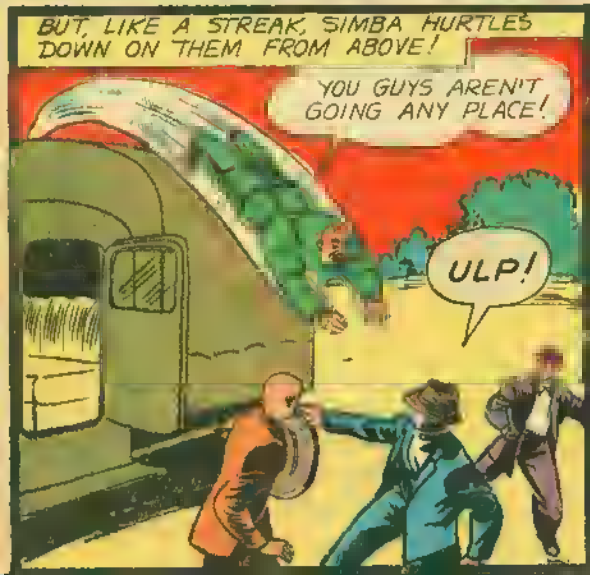
WE SHOULD
DONE IT!
COME ON!



BUT, LIKE A STREAK, SIMBA HURTLÉS
DOWN ON THEM FROM ABOVE!

YOU GUYS AREN'T
GOING ANY PLACE!

ULP!



AND YOU AREN'T
GOING TO DO ANY
MORE MURDERING,
EITHER!

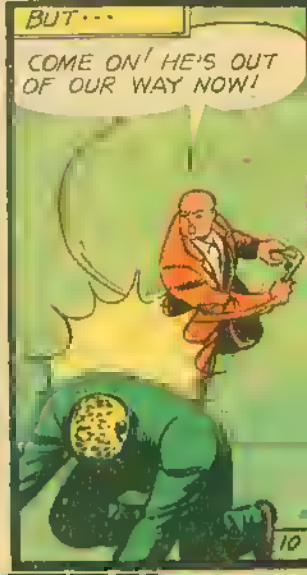
OWOOF!

BAM



BUT...

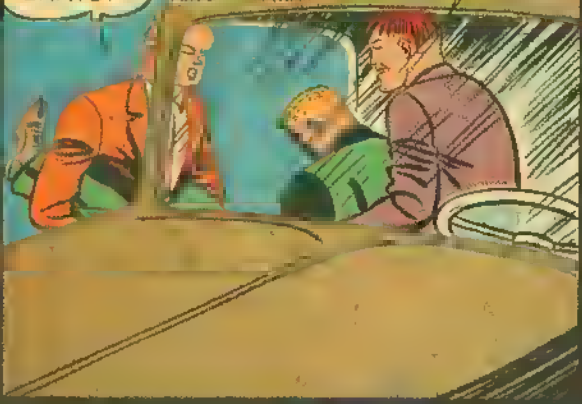
COME ON! HE'S OUT
OF OUR WAY NOW!



UNCONSCIOUS, SIMBA IS LOADED INTO THE TRUCK'S CAB...

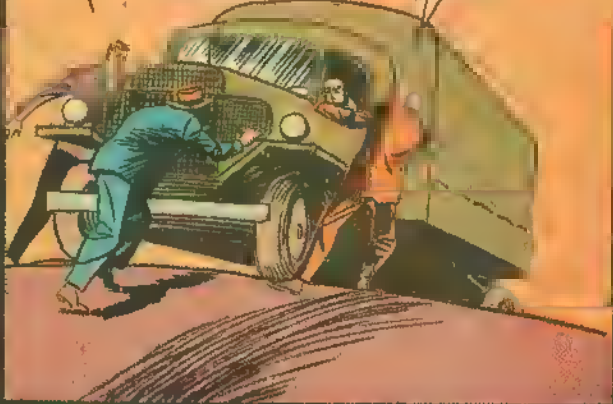
THROW HER INTO REVERSE RED, AN' LET HER ROLL DOWN ON THOSE OTHER BRATS!

HAH! I GETCHA!



THERE SHE GOES!

GREAT! NOW, WHEN THIS HITS BOTTOM, IT'LL CAUSE ENOUGH EXCITEMENT SO WE'LL HAVE TIME TO GET BACK TO THE SHACK AND PICK UP THE CASH!



DICK AND HIS COMPANY ARE STARTLED TO SEE THE TRUCK RACING DOWN THE HILL AT THEM!

GOOD NIGHT!-
GET BACK!



THE BOYS LEAP TO SAFETY AS DICK PACES THE TRUCK.

SAY! SIMBA'S
IN THERE!

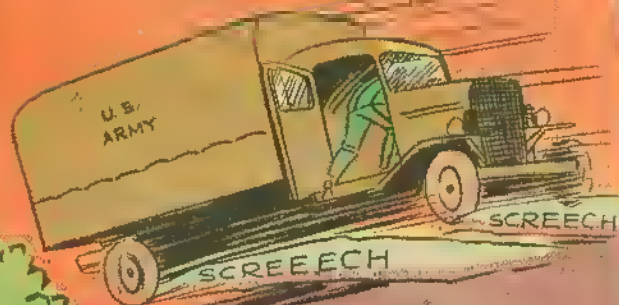


A DARING LEAP, AND THE INTREPID LAD IS ON THE RUNNING BOARD!

MADE IT!



GOOD THING THESE VANS HAVE AIR BRAKES!



SIMBA IS TAKEN FROM THE TRUCK AND RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS AS THE POLICE COME UPON THE SCENE.

UGH!
SOME
CLOUT!

HERE COME
THE
POLICE!

SWELL!



WHERE ARE THE CROOKS?

HUH? I'LL BET THEY'RE BACK AT THE SHACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SIMBA! THEY WANTED US AWAY FROM THERE FOR SOME REASON.

WAIT! THEY'RE ARMED!

SO ARE WE!

SAME HERE! A COUPLE OF FISTS ARE READY TO EXPLODE AGAINST SOME ONE'S CHIN.

BARGING IN, DICK AND SIMBA FIND THE THIEVES COLLECTING THEIR ILL-GOTTEN LOOT.

YOU TAKE THE RED-HEAD, SIMBA. I'VE GOT A PERSONAL ARGUMENT WITH HAIRLESS!

WITH PLEASURE, MR. COLE!

SIMBA'S EXPLOSIVE FIST DOES DOUBLE DUTY.

GET TOGETHER!

OWW!

POW!

AND THIS PARLAYS SIMBA'S ORDER!

POP!

YEOW!

THE POLICE COME IN!

WELL, CALL ME "IRISH"! LOOKIT WHAT THOSE TWO KIDS DID!

NICE WORK, DICK!

THE SENTIMENT IS MUTUAL, SIMBA!

THE NEXT DAY, IN WARING CITY...

YOU BOYS OF FARR ARE A CREDIT TO THE COUNTY!

THANK YOU, SIR I'LL BET THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME CROOKS WERE EVER CAPTURED WITH MORTAR SHELLS!

... WELL- NOT QUITE! YOU SEE, AMERICAN BOYS ARE POUNDING UP THOSE THIEVES OF LIBERTY EVERY DAY, IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

SO, DO YOUR SHARE! BUY THOSE MORTAR SHELLS BY INVESTING IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Sergeant Spook



JERRY, SERGEANT SPOOK'S PSYCHIC SIDE-FINDS HIS AMAZING ABILITY TO HEAR THINGS OTHER HUMANS CAN'T. CAN GET HIM INTO THE DARDEST MESSSES - WHICH IT DOES IN, "IF RACE HORSES COULD ONLY TALK!"

OUR STORY OPENS AS A STRAY DOG BEGS FOR SOME FOOD FROM THE WRONG CITIZEN

SCRAM!

YIPE!

HEY!

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A DOG!

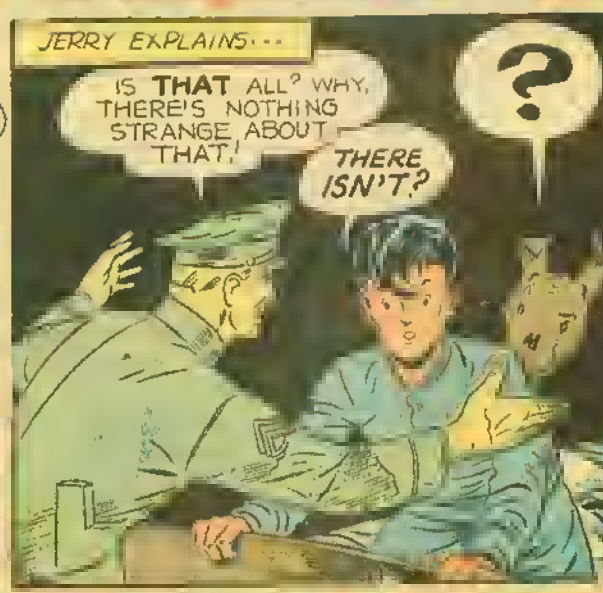
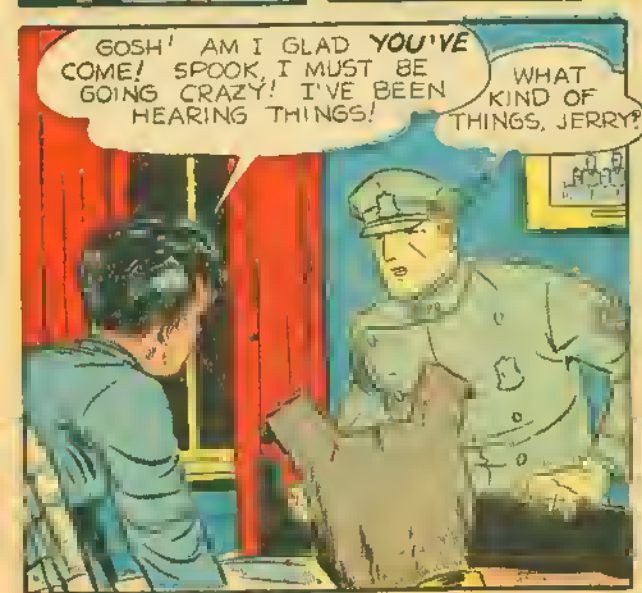
HE BELONGS TO ME. PEDDLE YOUR PAPERS BRAT!

ARE YOU HIS DOG? ARE YOU-HM?

NO! I'D RUN AWAY IF HE OWNED ME!

A TALKING DOG!

?



CERTAINLY NOT! NOT TO YOU!
REMEMBER, KID- YOU'RE
PSYCHIC! YOU CAN HEAR
THINGS LIKE HEARING ME FOR
EXAMPLE - THAT OTHERS
CAN'T!

OH

SATISFIED
NOW?

YEAH, THANKS
GOSH, I'M
SLEE-EPY! MM-
ZZZZZ!

YEAH
SO'M I'

WHAT TH-!

HMM! THAT DOG **DID** TALK!
I THOUGHT JERRY MIGHT
BE- WELL, I'D BETTER
LET HIM- I MEAN **THEM**-
SLEEP!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF "NICKLES"
BRADY - BIG TIME HORSE-RACE GAMBLER

WHAT D'YA MEAN, A
TALKING DOG! YOU'RE
NUTS, DICE!

BUT I'M **NOT!** THAT
KID WAS ACTUALLY
TALKING WITH
THE DOG!

OKAY! SO YOU'RE
NOT NUTS SO WHAT?

SO LOOK! IF
HE CAN HEAR
DOGS TALKING,
WHY CAN'T HE HEAR
HORSES? GET
IT?

A SHORT TIME LATER...

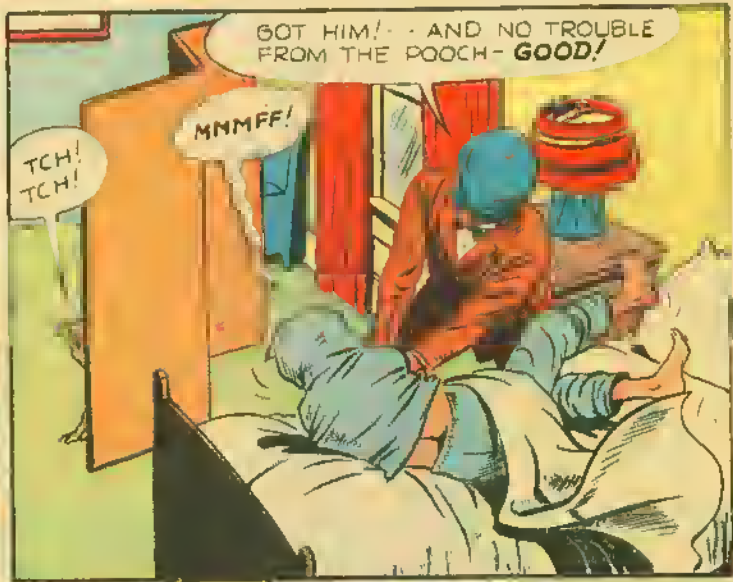
THIS IS THE
HOUSE - AND THAT'S
HIS ROOM UP THERE,
NICKLES!

OKAY,
DICE - GO
TO IT!



IF HE STILL HAS THAT
BLASTED MUTT IT MAY
BARK- BUT IF IT DOES,
I'LL **MURDER** IT!

OH-
OH!



GOT HIM! - AND NO TROUBLE
FROM THE POOCH - **GOOD!**

MNMMFF!

TCH!
TCH!



GOT HIM, NICKLES!
LET'S SCRAM!

OKAY...
GET IN!

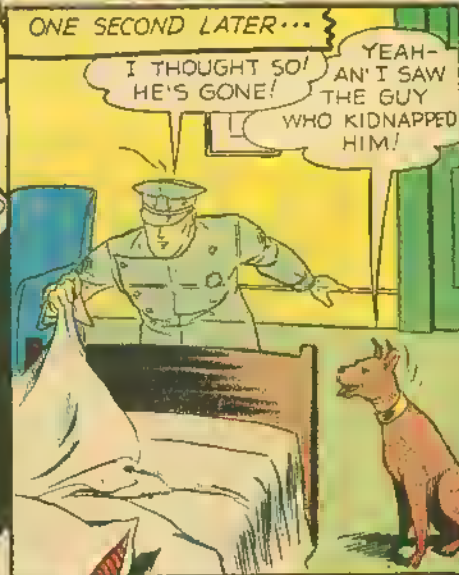
S-S-S
SPOOK!

JERRY'S FEEBLE CRY
HAS A STRANGE EFFECT
ON SPOOK- FAR AWAY
IN GHOST TOWN

THAT'S
STRANGE! I COULD
HAVE SWORN I HEARD
... HEY! THAT KID'S
IN TROUBLE!



P.D.



ONE SECOND LATER...

I THOUGHT SO!
HE'S GONE!

YEAH-
AN' I SAW
THE GUY
WHO KIDNAPPED
HIM!



WHA-? OH, IT'S YOU!
WELL, WHY DIDN'T
YOU STOP THEM-
BARK, OR
SOMETHING?

I
THOUGHT
OF THAT,
BUT...



BUT **WHAT?**

WELL- I
FIGURED IT
WOULD BE SMARTER
TO WAIT TILL YOU
CAME AND LEAD
YOU TO THEIR
HIDEOUT



WOW! HA-HA!
ARE YOU SURE YOU
HAVEN'T GOT SOME
FOX IN
YOU, WINDY?

P.D. P.D.

MEANWHILE...

NOW THAT WE GOT HIM, WHAT NEXT, DICE?

LIKE I TOLD YOU—

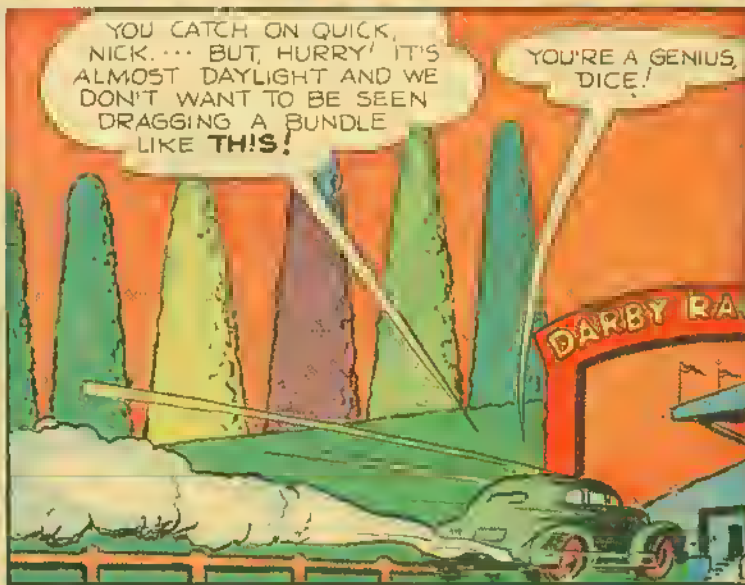
WE'LL TAKE HIM OUT TO THE TRACK AND MAKE HIM TALK WITH THE HORSES! HE CAN TELL US WHICH NAG IS GOING TO WIN—SEE?

YOU'RE ONE SMART APPLE, DICE!

... YOU MEAN WE CAN GET THE INSIDE DOPE? HA-HA! THAT'S A HOT ONE! ... AND BET ALL OUR DOUGH ON THE HORSE HE SAYS IS GOING TO WIN!

YOU CATCH ON QUICK, NICK. ... BUT, HURRY! IT'S ALMOST DAYLIGHT AND WE DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN DRAGGING A BUNDLE LIKE THIS!

YOU'RE A GENIUS, DICE!



LET'S SEE WHAT SPOOK AND WINDY ARE UP TO

I'D SWEAR SOME ONE OR SOMETHING WAS LEADING THAT DOG!

AH-HAH! I'LL TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT WHEN WE GET HOME!

SNIFF, SNIFF, HMM...

... AND A FEW HOURS LATER...

WELL, WHAT'RE YOU STOPPING FOR, NOW?

AW, LAY OFF! IT ISN'T... AH-HH-CHOO!... (SNIFF)... EASY TO FOLLOW A SMELL ON A DUSTY ROAD, YOU KNOW!



ABOUT THE SAME TIME AT THE TRACK--

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, KID. NOW GET GOING. IF YOU WANT TO STAY **HEALTHY!**

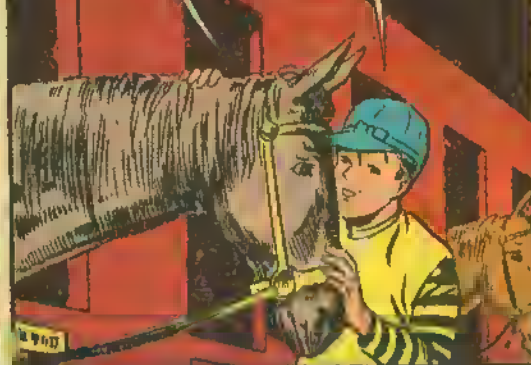
OKAY!

I'D BETTER STRING ALONG NO SENSE IN GETTING SHOT NOW! I'LL THINK OF **SOMETHING!**

JERRY FEELS FOOLISH AS HE ATTEMPTS HIS FIRST CONVERSATION WITH THE HORSEY SET!

?

ER - HELLO! AH NICE DAY FOR A RACE, ISN'T IT?



AN HOUR LATER

IT'S NO USE! THESE HORSES CAN'T TALK ANY MORE THAN I CAN PULL A MILK WAGON. I'M **SUNK!**



DECIDING TO GIVE IT UP AS A BAD JOB, JERRY STARTS AWAY, WHEN HE HEARS...

WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET, DAD. "SOUTHERN BELLE" HAS A **GOOD** CHANCE TO WIN.

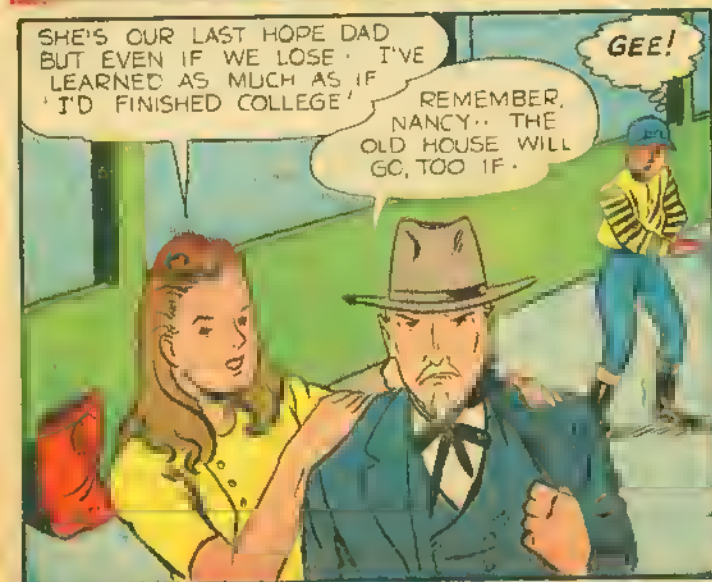
SHE SURE HAS... IF WE COULD BE SURE BRADY WOULDN'T TRY SOMETHING **CROOKED!**



SHE'S OUR LAST HOPE DAD. BUT EVEN IF WE LOSE - I'VE LEARNED AS MUCH AS IF 'I'D FINISHED COLLEGE'!

REMEMBER, NANCY... THE OLD HOUSE WILL GO, TOO IF -

GEE!



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. I WON'T LET THEM **KNOW** THE HORSES CAN'T TALK LIKE WINDY DOES! I'LL PRETEND THEY CAN - AND PERHAPS DO THOSE FOLKS A **GOOD TURN!**



SPOOK AND WINDY SNIFF
ONWARD!

HEY, LOOK
AT THAT!

GREAT! I'M
SICK O'
SNIFFIN' DIRT.
LET'S TAKE IT
ON THE RUN!

DARBY
RACE TRACK
10 MILES

HARDTOWN
PARK

NO WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO MAKE
A MISTAKE NOW.
THEY MAY HAVE
TURNED OFF BEFORE
THEY GOT TO THE
TRACK WE'LL
HAVE TO KEEP ON-
SLOW, BUT SURE

AT THE TRACK- A MINUTE BEFORE THE
BIG RACE OF THE DAY...

OKAY- SO YOU SAY "BLITZKRIEG" KNOWS
HE'S GOING TO WIN. HE'D BETTER- FOR YOUR
SAKE!

YEAH-I
SEE WHAT
YOU MEAN!

THEN...

THEY'RE OFF!

AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACK...

JUST IN TIME FOR
THE RACE, WINDY!

SO WHAT? IF
HEY'RE FOOLISH
ENOUGH TO RUN THEIR
HEADS OFF, I'M NOT
CRAZY ENOUGH
TO WATCH
THEM!

BLITZKRIEG
FALLING
BEHIND!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

OH, DAD! EVERYTHING'LL
BE ALL RIGHT, NOW! WE
CAN KEEP THE HOUSE
AND I CAN FINISH
SCHOOL!

TH' WINNER!
SOUTHERN BELLE!

OKAY, YOU PINT-SIZED
DOUBLE-CROSSER!
GET GOIN'!

YOU AND YOUR
BRIGHT IDEAS!
TALKING HORSES-
BAH! YOU SHOULD
BE BUMPED OFF
WITH THE
KID!

SPOOK AND WINDY CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH UNTIL

WINDY! THERE'S YEAH, AND JERRY NOW! THERE'S THE MUG WHO KIDNAPPED HIM! CAREFUL THOUGH, HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT A GUN!



QUICKLY JERRY! DROP TO YOUR KNEES! I'LL PUSH THEM-

SPOOK! DOTCHA, PAL!

WHAT D'YA MEAN- 'SPOOK'?



READY, JERRY?

READY!



I FEEL LIKE AN INVISIBLE BOWLING BALL! HA-HA!

GREAT!



JERRY QUICKLY LOCKS THEM IN AND EXPLAINS TO SPOOK

I SEE! BUT, HOW DID YOU KNOW WHICH HORSE WOULD LOSE?

WELL, 'BLITZKRIEG' SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECT LOSER, DOESN'T IT?

YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT SOMETHING THERE!

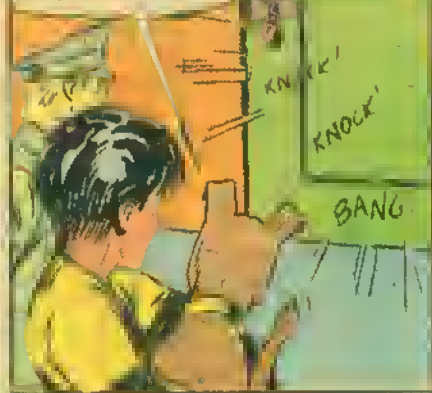


AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY YES, SIR! I GUESS WINDY'S JUST ABOUT THE ONLY TALKING ANIMAL

IN THE WORLD! HMM! MAYBE SO- BUT IF HE IS I'M MIGHTY WRONG! HOW ABOUT THAT WINDY?



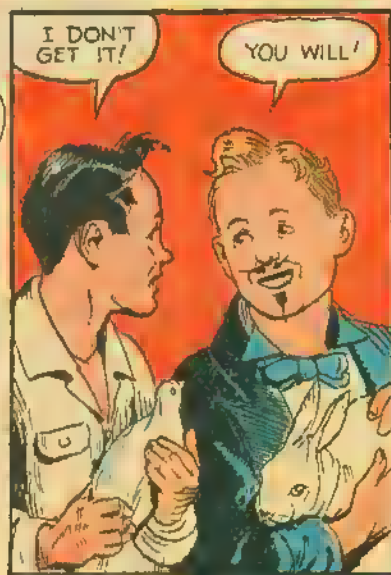
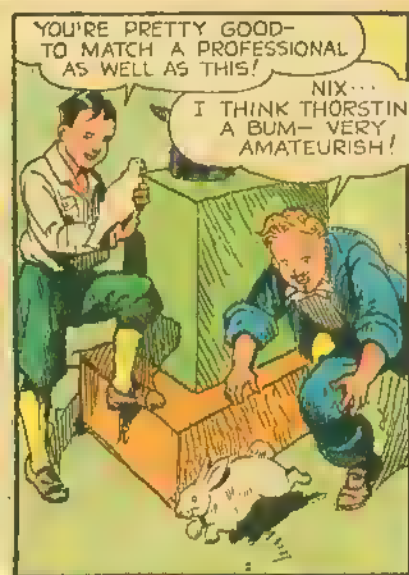
WELL, THAT'S RATHER A LONG STORY. HOW ABOUT HOLDING IT TILL THE NEXT ISSUE? BESIDES- YOU'D BETTER GET THE COPS BEFORE THOSE MUGS BREAK OUT!

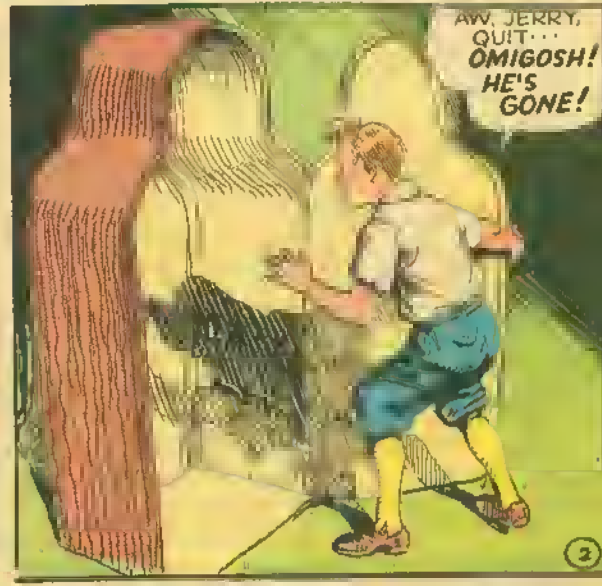
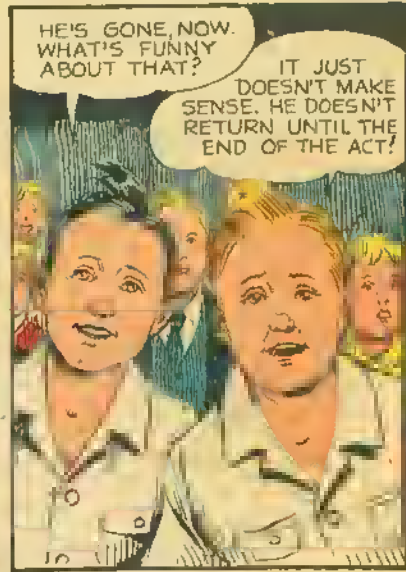


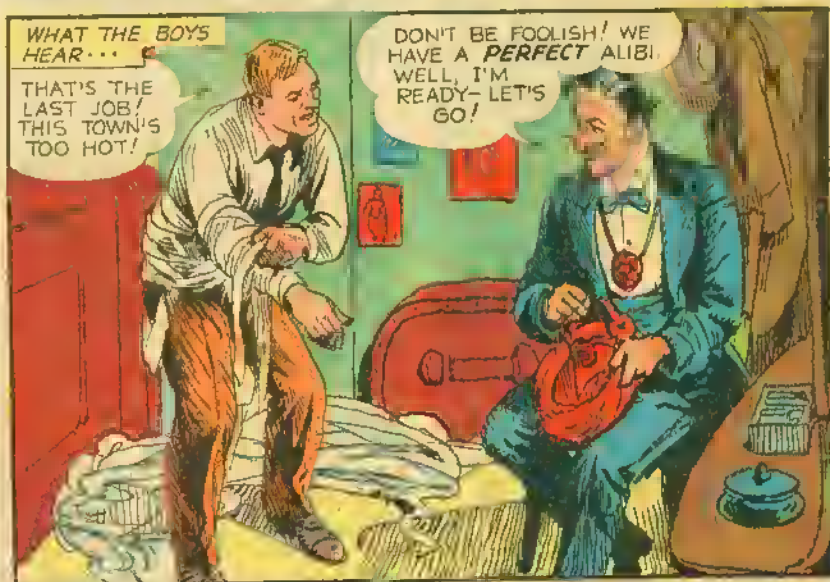
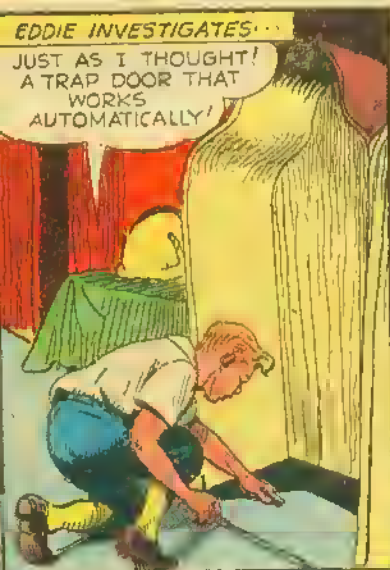
SERGEANT SPOOK AND HIS LITTLE PAL JERRY HAVE ANOTHER GRAND AND HUMOROUS EXPERIENCE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**

REMEMBER- YOUR SHARE IN OUR WAR EFFORT ISN'T MUCH BUT IT MEANS A LOT! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Edison BELL







EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JERRY MEETS EDDIE AND ASKS...

DID YOU READ ABOUT THE JEWEL ROBBERY LAST NIGHT?

LET'S SEE-- IT HAPPENED BETWEEN NINE AND NINE-THIRTY... THE EXACT TIME OF THE MAGICIAN'S ACT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IF IT HAPPENED WHILE HE WAS ON THE STAGE, WOULDN'T THAT SHOW...

NO! AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE THAT SHOW AGAIN. THIS TIME, MR. MURPHY, THE DETECTIVE, WILL BE WITH US!

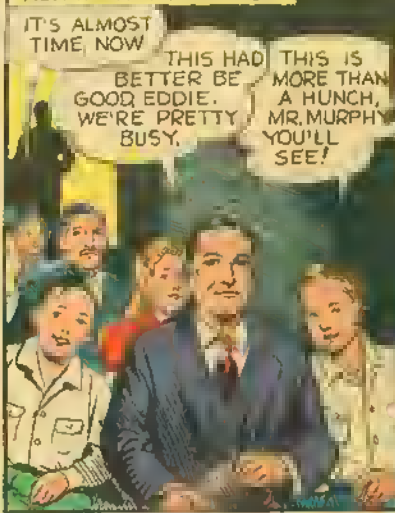


SO THE BOYS ARE IN THE AUDIENCE AGAIN THAT EVENING.

IT'S ALMOST TIME NOW

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD EDDIE. WE'RE PRETTY BUSY.

THIS IS MORE THAN A HUNCH, MR. MURPHY, YOU'LL SEE!



WHEN THE MAGICIAN CALLS FOR A BOY TO HELP WITH A TRICK, EDDIE JUMPS UP!

THIS IS IT! WISH ME LUCK!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



EDDIE DASHES ONTO THE STAGE AND...

OOPS! GEE, I'M SORRY!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! CAREFUL! YOU'LL RUIN MY ACT!



EDDIE HELPS THE MAGICIAN TO COLLECT HIMSELF.

RING DOWN THE CURTAIN! GIVE ME THAT TURBAN! USHER! GRAB HIM!!!

AH-HAH!



MURPHY AND JERRY JOIN THE GROUP

GIVE ME MY TURBAN! GET OUT!

TAKE IT EASY, YOU WON'T CATCH COLD! OKAY, EDDIE, LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT!

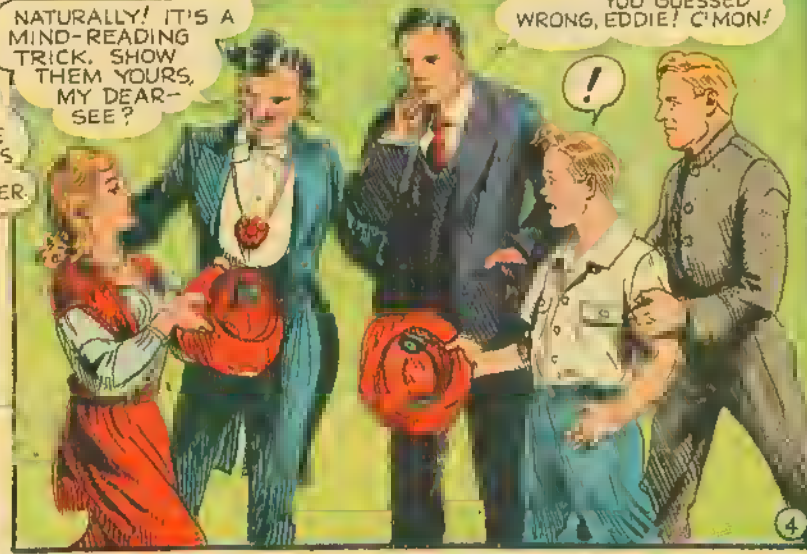
SEE! EAR-PHONES! HE COMMUNICATES WITH HIS PARTNER.

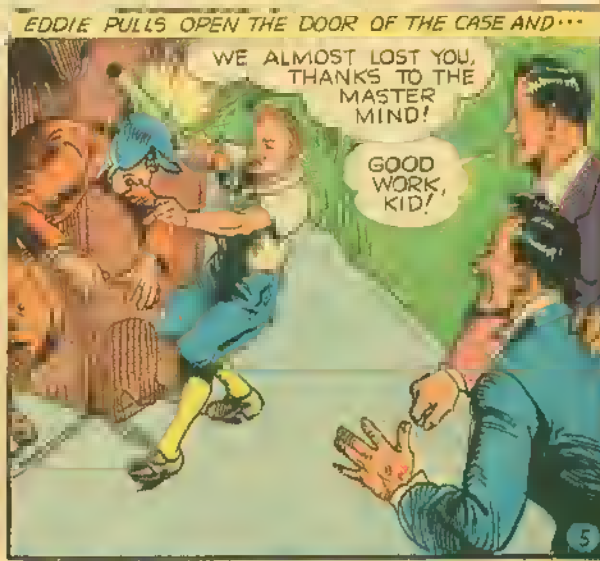
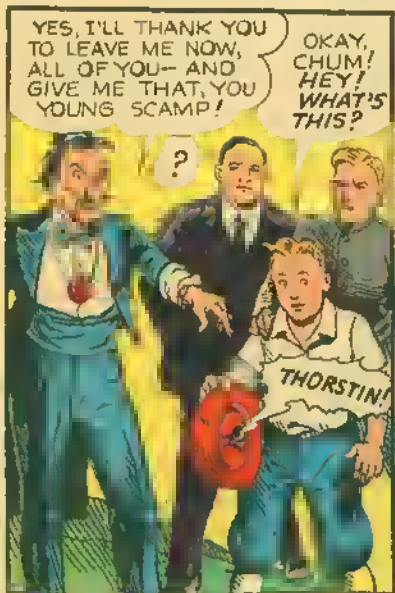


THORSTIN CALLS ONE OF HIS GIRL ASSISTANTS.

NATURALLY! IT'S A MIND-READING TRICK. SHOW THEM YOURS, MY DEAR-- SEE?

LOOKS LIKE YOU GUESSED WRONG, EDDIE! C' MON!

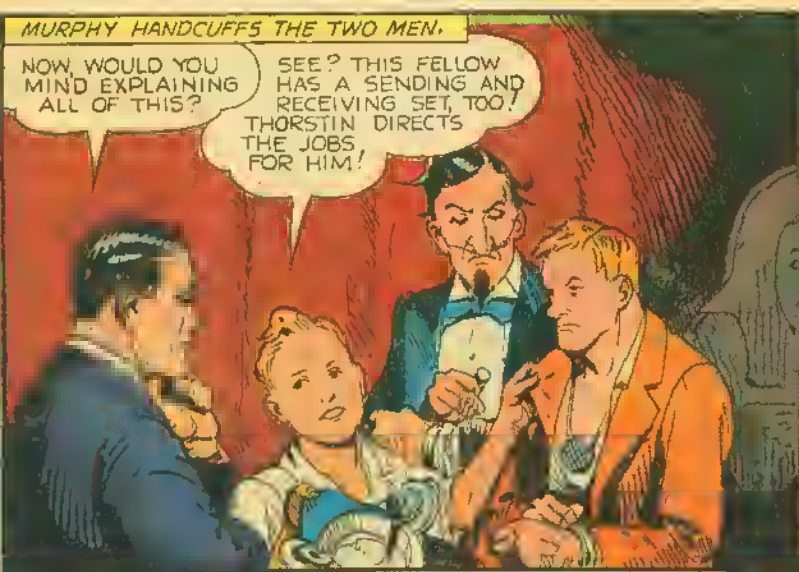




MURPHY HANDCUFFS THE TWO MEN.

NOW, WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING ALL OF THIS?

SEE? THIS FELLOW HAS A SENDING AND RECEIVING SET, TOO! THORSTIN DIRECTS THE JOBS FOR HIM!



OVER THE RADIO?

SURE! IN THAT WAY, HE CAN USE THE ACT AS AN ALIBI! THIS GUY'S ONLY A STOOGEE!



IS THIS TRUE?

YEAH- HE'S A PHONEY! HE SAID IT WAS THE PERFECT CRIME!

HE ISN'T THE FIRST ONE TO MAKE THAT MISTAKE!



AS THE DETECTIVE LEADS THEM AWAY...

THANKS, ED! WE'LL PUT THEM WHERE THEY WON'T PULL ANY MORE ACTS.

THAT'S THE BOY, SIR!



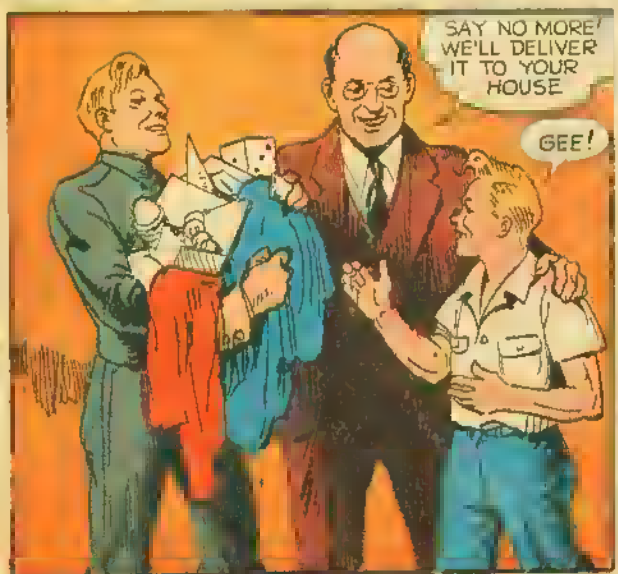
I'M THE MANAGER OF THIS THEATER, SON! IS THERE ANY WAY IN WHICH WE CAN REPAY YOU?

WELL, I'D SORT OF LIKE TO OWN SOME REAL MAGIC EQUIPMENT!



SAY NO MORE! WE'LL DELIVER IT TO YOUR HOUSE

GEE!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

I FEEL SILLY IN THIS OUTFIT!

DO MORE, EDDIE!

THE GUY IT WAS MADE FOR LOOKS EVEN SILLIER! HE'S WEARING STRIPES!



EDDIE BELL RETURNS IN EVERY ISSUE OF ELDE BELL WITH A BRAND NEW STORY AND MORE GADGETS.


MAGIC Tricks

BY IAYILL

That YOU Can Do!


HOW TO MAKE A LIVING HEAD DISAPPEAR!

NOW YOU SEE IT! ...



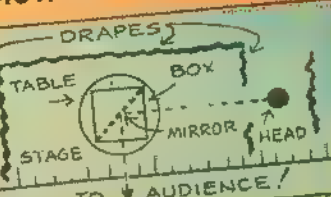
A SMILING ANIMATED HEAD IN A BOX... ON A ONE LEGGED TABLE... THEN YOU CLOSE THE HINGED SIDES. FRONT AND...

... NOW YOU DON'T!




... BACK-LIFT BOX OFF TABLE WITH HEAD "INSIDE" THEN OPEN AGAIN AND IT'S GONE / SIMPLE... IF YOU KNOW HOW!

HOW IT'S DONE ...



BOX HAS MIRROR BUILT IN AS SHOWN WHICH REFLECTS HEAD... (REALLY OFF STAGE!) WHEN BOX IS CLOSED, PERSON SIMPLY MOVES AWAY!

MYSTERIOUS BALANCE TRICK!



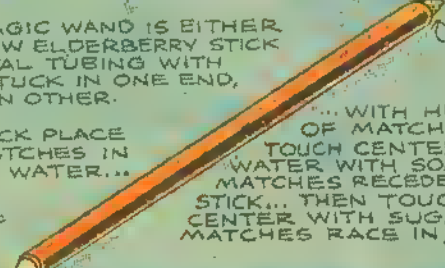
... ALL ON TOOTH PICK ON EDGE OF GLASS!

SPOON WEDGED IN PRONGS OF FORK... TOOTH PICK STUCK THROUGH PRONGS. CENTER OF GRAVITY IS ACTUALLY AT EDGE OF GLASS!

THE BOX ITSELF IS AN ORDINARY SOAP BOX TAKEN APART AND REASSEMBLED WITH HINGES ON TOP FOR EACH SIDE PIECE... AND REINFORCED WITH UPRIGHTS IN EACH CORNER. A MIRROR, CUT TO FIT, IS INSERTED DIAGONALLY AS SHOWN.



YOUR MAGIC WAND!



YOUR MAGIC WAND IS EITHER A HOLLOW ELDERBERRY STICK OR METAL TUBING WITH SOAP STUCK IN ONE END, SUGAR IN OTHER.

FOR TRICK PLACE TEN MATCHES IN PAN OF WATER...

... WITH HEADS OF MATCHES IN TOUCH CENTER OF WATER WITH SOAP END, MATCHES RECEDE. WAVE STICK... THEN TOUCH CENTER WITH SUGAR MATCHES RACE IN!

YOUR MAGIC WAND!



TOUCH! TOUCH!

MATCHES RECEDE! MATCHES COME TO WAND!

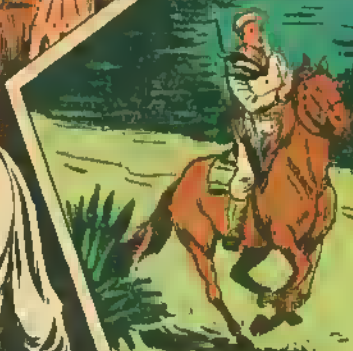
OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES

GUARDING THE SEA THAT BORDERS OUR VERY SHORES, BATTLING THE UNDERSEA MENACE WHICH THREATENS OUR WAR EFFORT, THE U.S. COAST GUARD LIVES UP TO ITS YEARS OF HEROIC PEACE-TIME TRADITIONS, JOEY

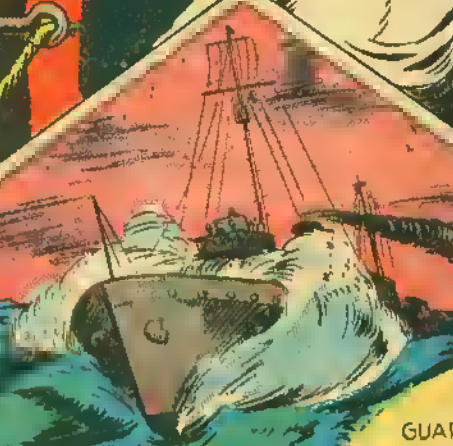
"THE BEACH PATROL IS AIDED BY ALERT, FIERCE AND PERFECTLY TRAINED DOGS"



"FROM AIR STATIONS ALONG THE COAST LINE, COAST GUARD PLANES ARE ON CONSTANT WATCH FOR ENEMY SUBS"

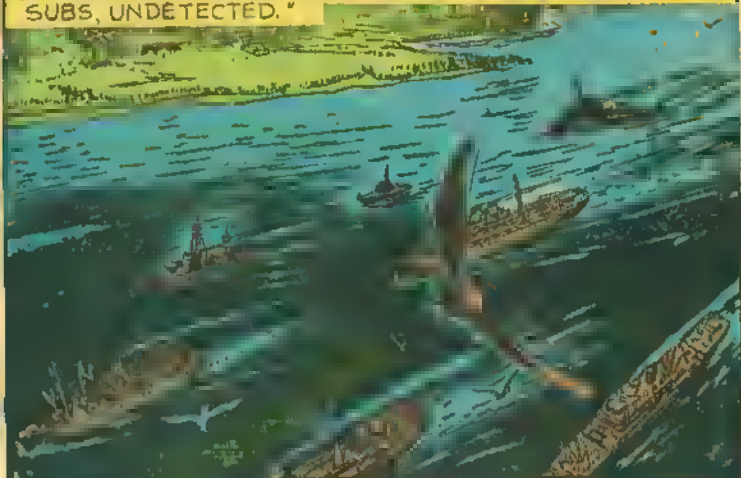


"NOW, THE COAST GUARD HAS STARTED A NEW MOUNTED DIVISION TO PATROL LONELY STRETCHES OF OUR SHORE."

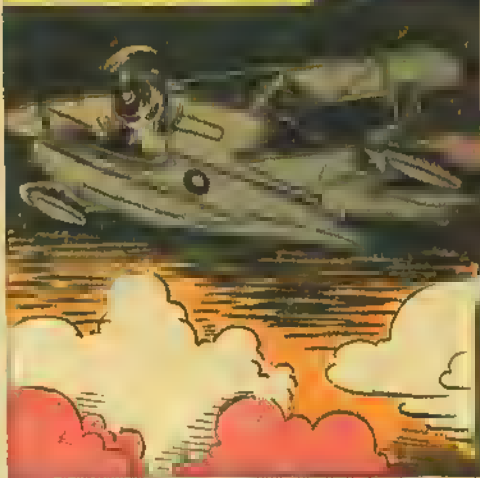


"AT SEA, THE HARDY COAST GUARD CUTTERS STAND UP UNDER WEATHER WHICH BUCKLES THE PLATES OF FAR LARGER SHIPS"

"I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A STORY, JOEY, OF THE REAL JOB THESE MEN ARE DOING. A HUGE, SLOW-MOVING CONVOY LEAVES PORT AND HUGS THE COASTLINE - ATTEMPTING TO GET BY THE LURKING ENEMY SUBS, UNDETECTED."



"AND, FAR AHEAD OF THE CONVOY, A COAST GUARD PLANE COVERS THE ROUTE, SCANNING THE SEA'S TRACKLESS WASTES."



"SUDDENLY, THE PILOT'S KEEN EYES OBSERVE A BREAK IN THE BROAD EXPANSE OF WATER."



LOOK!
DOWN
THERE TO
THE
LEFT!

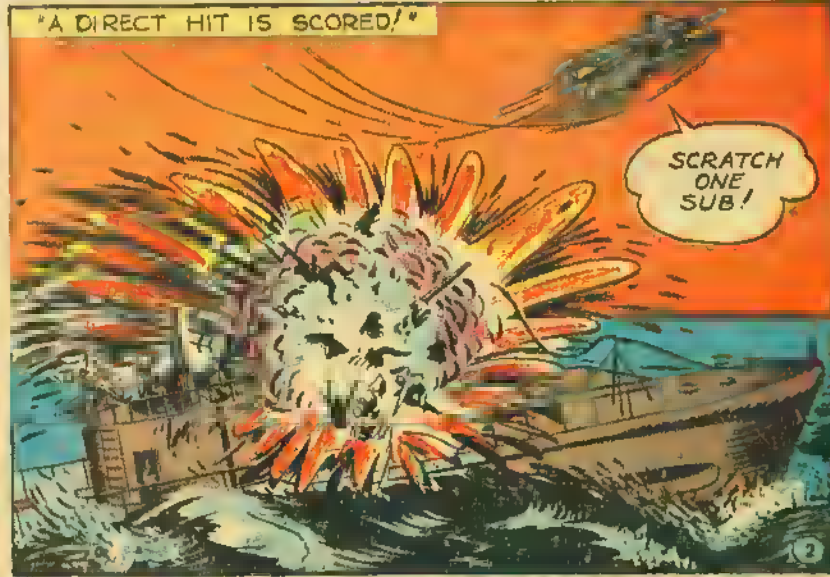


IT'S PART OF A SUB
PACK! THEY'LL PICK
UP THE CONVOY IF
WE DON'T STOP
THEM!



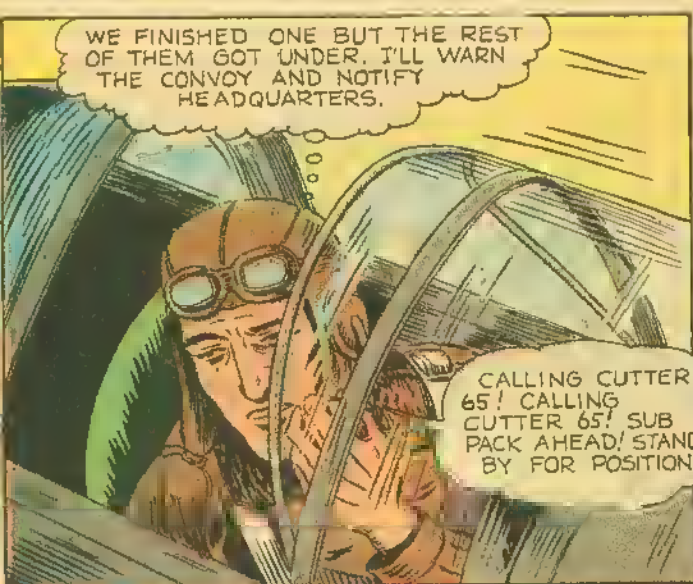
SUBMERGE!
MACH
SCHNELL!

"A DIRECT HIT IS SCORED!"



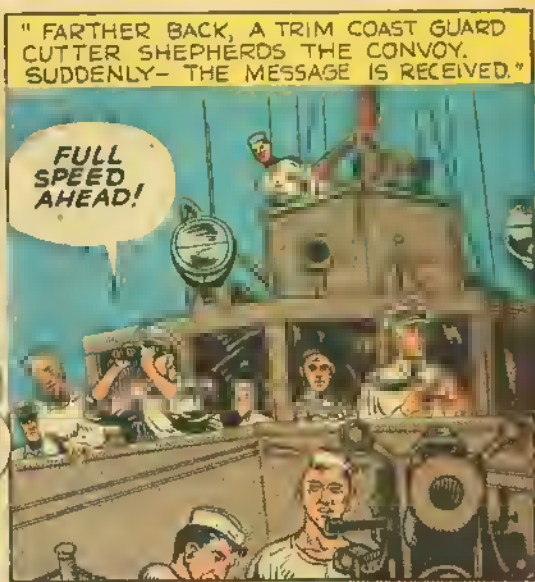
SCRATCH
ONE!
SUB!

WE FINISHED ONE BUT THE REST
OF THEM GOT UNDER. I'LL WARN
THE CONVOY AND NOTIFY
HEADQUARTERS.



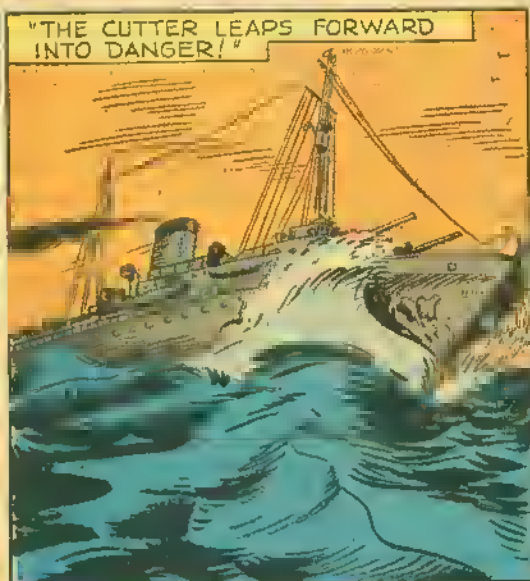
CALLING CUTTER
65! CALLING
CUTTER 65! SUB
PACK AHEAD! STAND
BY FOR POSITION!

"FARTHER BACK, A TRIM COAST GUARD
CUTTER SHEPHERDS THE CONVOY.
SUDDENLY- THE MESSAGE IS RECEIVED."

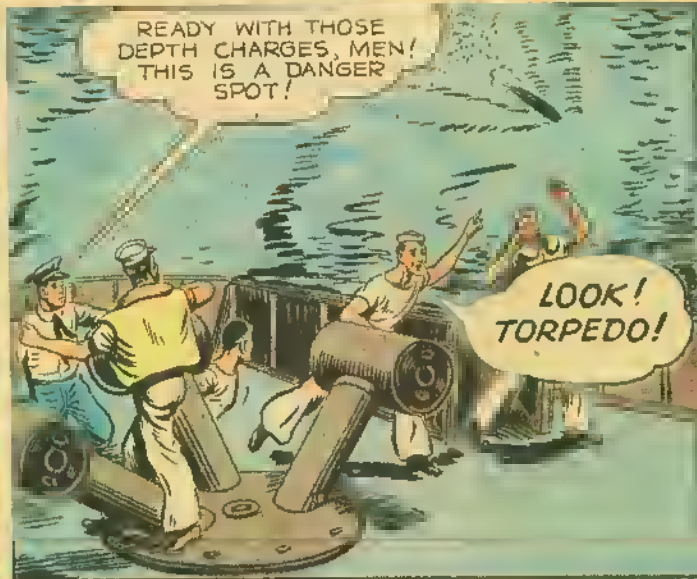


**FULL
SPEED
AHEAD!**

"THE CUTTER LEAPS FORWARD
INTO DANGER!"

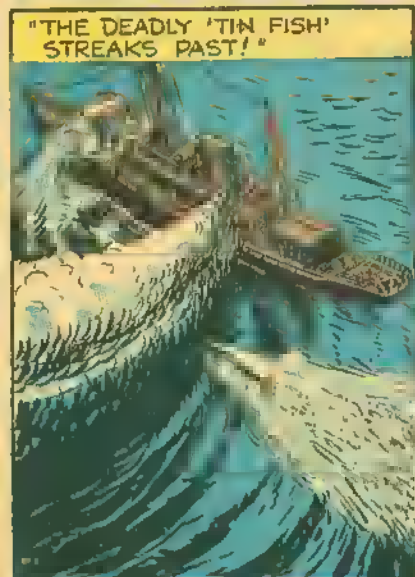


READY WITH THOSE
DEPTH CHARGES, MEN!
THIS IS A DANGER
SPOT!



**LOOK!
TORPEDO!**

"THE DEADLY 'TIN FISH'
STREAKS PAST!"



LET 'EM
HAVE
IT!

CAN THOSE
SARDINES,
MEN!



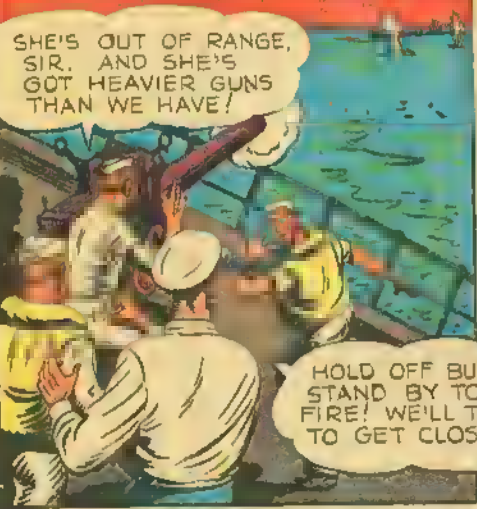
WE GOT ONE!
SHE'S COMIN'
TO THE
SURFACE!

**YEOW!
HOT DOG!**

BOOM



"THE UNDERSEA RAIDER SURFACES
AND A SAVAGE GUN DUEL ENSUES!"



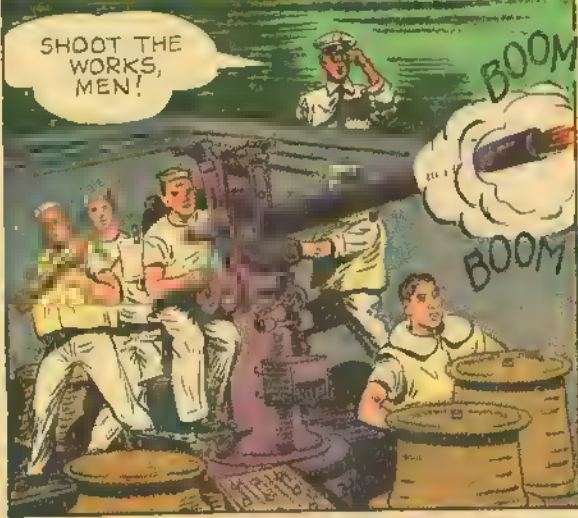
SHE'S OUT OF RANGE,
SIR. AND SHE'S
GOT HEAVIER GUNS
THAN WE HAVE!

HOLD OFF BUT
STAND BY TO
FIRE! WE'LL TRY
TO GET CLOSER.

"THE SUB'S HEAVY GUNS SCORE ON THE
VALIANT LITTLE CUTTER AS SHE
DASHES IN!"



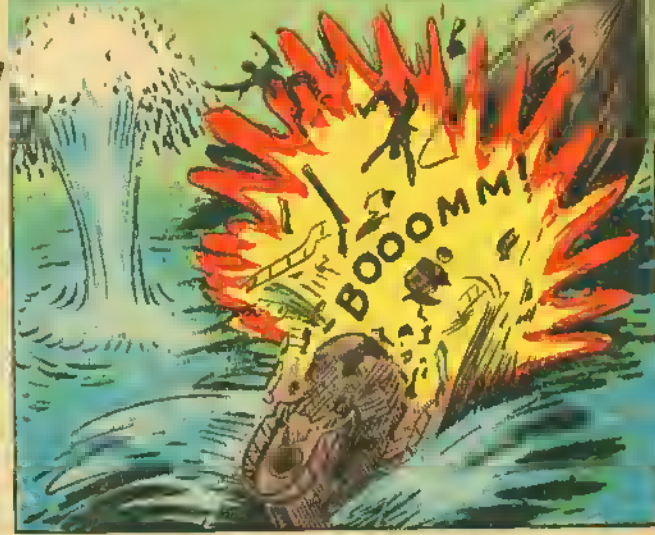
"THE CUTTER SOON FINDS THE RANGE
AND LET'S GO WITH EVERYTHING!"



SHOOT THE
WORKS,
MEN!

BOOM!
BOOM!

"THE SUB MEETS A FITTING END!"



WE GOT 'EM! AND HERE
COMES OUR RELIEF. THEY'LL
TAKE CARE OF ANY OTHERS.
THE CONVOY'S SAFE
NOW!

"AID ARRIVES IN THE FORM OF TWO MORE
CUTTERS AND ONCE AGAIN ANOTHER
VICTORY IS CHALKED UP FOR THE EVER
VIGILANT, EVER FAITHFUL UNITED STATES
COAST GUARD."



DESERT DEATH TRAP

EXCEPT FOR the soft purring of motors and the crunching of sand under the weight of the six tank trucks that were speeding across the Libyan desert, no sound penetrated the sticky hot air.

Stanley Gromski, driving the lead truck, felt the foreboding, unnatural silence. Something was wrong! The Nazis and their Fascist partners in global crimes, had been waging a hard fight to drive out the American Infantry that had captured the Oasis stronghold and driven a wedge into the Axis' flank. Why had their guns become suddenly silent?

The sudden swish of a large projectile and the loud explosion seconds later, told Gromski the answer! The enemy had brought up artillery and set a trap for the tanks that must attempt a break through. The gasoline which his caravan was carrying to the Oasis was to supply the General Grant tanks that would start rolling across the desert in another hour.

Gromski maneuvered the truck in a wide arc. That first shot had been close and the Nazis were only trying to get the range. He glanced into the side view mirror and saw the other trucks follow his lead.

A hail of projectiles began to churn up the desert sands—and through the mirror, Gromski saw the streaking shell that thudded into the last truck. A mass of flames and a deafening roar splattered the truck into a thousand pieces.

GROMSKI'S HANDS tightened on the steering wheel. Shorty O'Brien had been driving that truck, and now Shorty was gone. Shorty had been a swell guy. This was another debt that the Nazis must pay!

Pushing the accelerator hard against the floor, Gromski headed for the Oasis which he knew lay hidden behind the dunes up ahead. Suddenly he could see the outline of the trees that circled the water hole; and, even from such a distance, the broken and uprooted trees battered by the enemy artillery, told a frightening story.

As he neared the outer ridge of trees, he slowed up, but only for a few seconds. The lifeless forms of khaki clad figures told its own story . . . and if his reasoning was correct, the enemy's guns would soon be raking the place again to knock out the tank trucks.

A group of high dunes rose to the left and Gromski made for them. He applied the brakes as he reached the side of a large dune. He sat bewildered until the other four trucks halted alongside of him.

There was no doubt in his mind as to what would happen to the General Grants when they reached the Oasis. They'd be running into a death trap. And how could he warn them?

If the tank trucks tried to venture back over the desert, the alert enemy artillery would pick them off.

Gromski and the other drivers scrambled out of their cabs and huddled together.

"Did you see what those rats did to our boys at the Oasis?" Hansen, driver of the number three truck, asked.

The men shook their heads. They had all seen the gruesome sight.

"Unless they send out planes, those skunks won't be able to

see us behind these dunes," Gromski said.

"BUT what about the General Grants?" Hansen wanted to know.

No one answered him. They were all thinking about the same thing.

Like thunder, the noise of cannon began to roll. Well aimed projectiles began exploding in and near the Oasis.

Davis, who drove the number five truck, whistled, then looked at Gromski. "Holy mackerel, Ski!" he said, "it's a good thing that you didn't stop us back there, or we'd all be chop suey now!"

Goldstein looked back at his number four. "Maybe I can make it back to our supply lines and have Captain Hawks warn the Grants," he said, talking more to himself than to his companions.

"That would be suicide," Gromski snapped, "forget about it, Yussel."

Yussel Goldstein's lips quivered, then he spun on his heels and dashed toward his truck.

"Come back here," Gromski yelled.

But Goldstein jumped into the cab and with a few quick movements had the engine started and was turning the truck around.

IT was only a minute, though, before he was spotted by the artillery. The truck began to zig-zag as projectiles started to pick up its trail. Then hills of sand hid it from sight.

The men focused their eyes on the screeching projectiles. Goldstein was proving himself every inch a man. What he was doing, was out of the line of duty.

Then it happened! A loud explosion in the distance, and a sudden bright flash that cast an eerie light over the desert!

"They got Yussel," Hansen

said softly, "the plucky fool."

Thoughts had been racing through Gromski's mind as he watched Goldstein's heroic but futile attempt to get through and warn the Grants. The Nazis and Italians were keeping their eyes on the stretch between the Oasis and the American lines . . . would they be expecting an attack from their rear? And if they weren't, could one Yank with a tank truck full of gasoline destroy their devastating artillery?

"You guys stay put," he said suddenly, "if you see the sky light up over where those big guns are, you'll know the Grants will be able to get through—and, if you don't see me again, I'll tell O'Brien and Goldstein that you boys were sorry to see them go."

As Gromski started for his truck, Hansen grabbed his shoulder. "Don't be a sucker, Ski," he said, "stay here with us. At least you'll have a chance of getting out of this alive."

Gromski pushed Hansen away from him, "I'm runnin' this show," he said and swung into the seat behind the steering wheel.

THE Axis guns were directly east, so Gromski drove the truck south for three miles, then cut east.

By now, his mind was set on just what his job would be if he got behind those guns . . . and he had to hurry. The General Grants were scheduled to arrive at the Oasis a very short time from now.

The hot sticky air was menacing in its unnatural silence. The enemy was waiting patiently to lure the Yanks into the trap and to spring it without warning.

Gromski checked his mileage. He had travelled far enough to be behind the artillery, so he swung north. He went slowly and cautiously.

And he smiled to himself. He realized that he was playing the Fox's game. The sun would be behind him and in the eyes of the enemy. This advantage might mean the difference between success and failure.

He pulled up behind a sand dune and jumped from the truck. Scurrying to the top of the dune, he flopped on his stomach. Less than a quarter of a mile away he could see the big guns. And beside each gun was a pile of ammunition ready for instant use. Anti-aircraft machine guns, which from the distance seemed similar to the American's fifty calibers, were the only protection which the Axis had thrown into the battle, in a desperate effort to check the American advance.

Satisfied, Gromski hurried back to the truck. He took the tow line and lashed the flow hose to the rear of the truck in a horizontal position. Then he ripped off his coat and shirt, and turning the release valve, allowed the gas to trickle from the tank and saturate the clothes.

Hopping back into the cab again, he placed the soaked clothing on the seat beside him. Now, if he could fool the machine gunners for just a few minutes, he'd have a path cleared for the Grants.

As he sped toward the guns he could see men gazing anxiously toward him. The sun was his ally. They weren't sure whether he was friend or foe.

SUDDENLY he jammed on his brakes. This was the show down! Machine gunners began running to their nests . . . they were finally aware that he was a Yank. He rushed to the release valve, turned it on full force, and, in a few swift movements, he was behind the wheel again racing full speed toward the surprised enemy . . . gasoline gushing

from the hose.

He swung sideways as he reached the guns. The gasoline splattered over men, guns, and ammunition.

Driving madly, he made a complete circle of the camp. Then for a second he caught his breath, as he pulled a box of matches from his pocket.

This looked like his finish, but he was going to make Hitler's tools pay dearly for his life!

He dropped the lighted match on his saturated clothing and tossed the flaming mass into a pool of gas in the sand.

The earth appeared to light up. A series of explosions dulled his hearing, he felt his body being flung from the truck . . . then he remembered no more.

SLOWLY, Gromski opened his eyes. A blurred white form met his gaze. "Must be an angel!" he exclaimed.

"What did you say, Soldier?" a feminine voice asked.

The blur faded and a nurse stood over him. The odor of medicine filled his nostrils. "The base hospital," he said, "—but I should be dead!"

He became aware of a stinging, burning ache in his body. He remembered the flaming gasoline. Badly burned was he? This could be worse than death.

"Tell me the truth, Nurse," he said, "am I burned very much?"

"And how," the nurse answered, "you should have better sense than to be out on the desert wearing a shirt. You're lucky you haven't got sun poisoning."

"What? You mean—I'm only sun burned!?"

"Sun burned and a bump on the head," the nurse answered as she turned to the patient in the next bed.

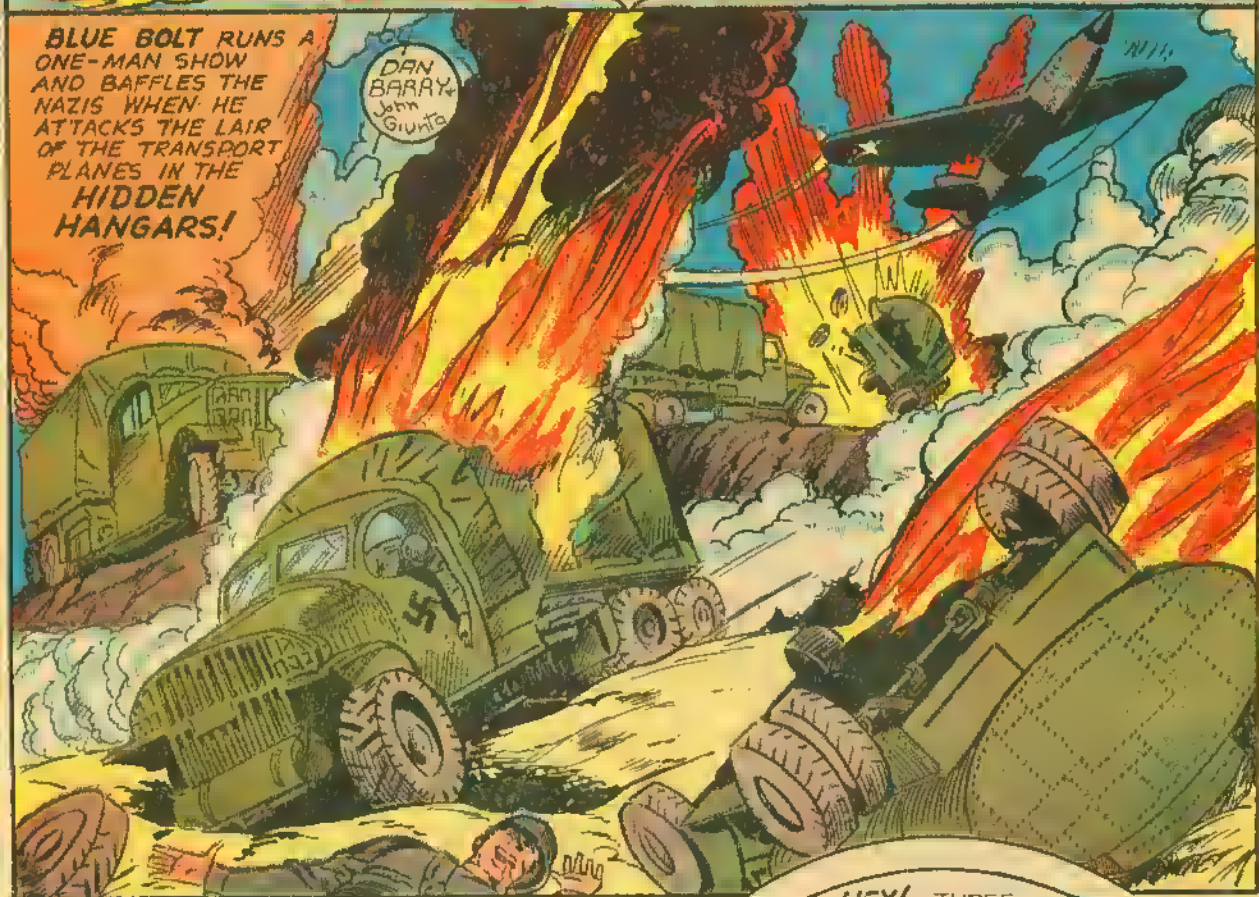
The End.

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

BLUE BOLT RUNS A ONE-MAN SHOW AND BAFFLES THE NAZIS WHEN HE ATTACKS THE LAIR OF THE TRANSPORT PLANES IN THE HIDDEN HANGARS!

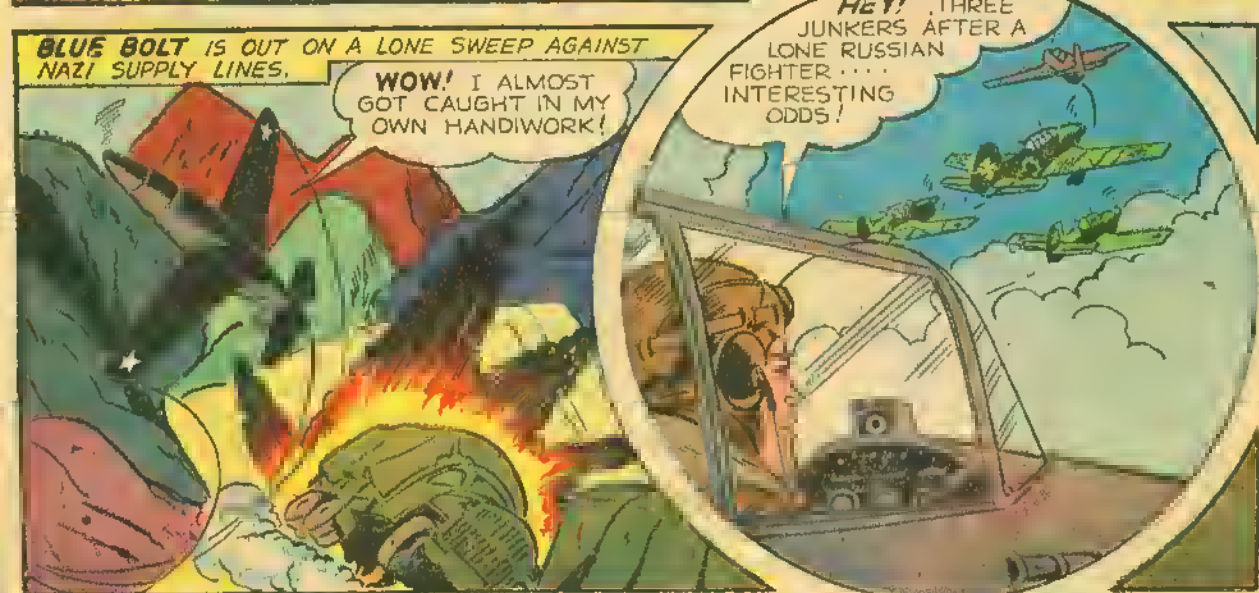
DAN BARRY
John Giunta



BLUE BOLT IS OUT ON A LONE SWEEP AGAINST NAZI SUPPLY LINES.

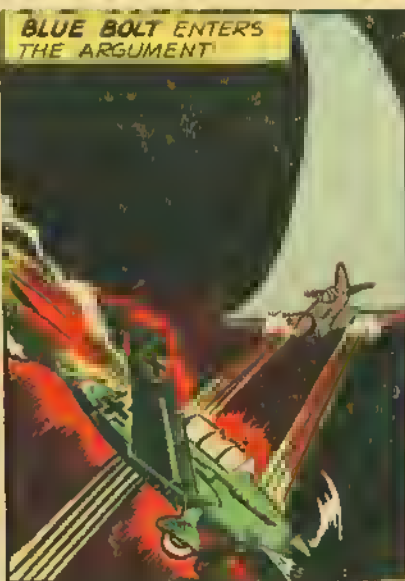
WOW! I ALMOST GOT CAUGHT IN MY OWN HANDIWORK!

HEY! THREE JUNKERS AFTER A LONE RUSSIAN FIGHTER INTERESTING ODDS!





I WONDER HOW THEY'LL DO AT ODDS OF TWO TO THREE!

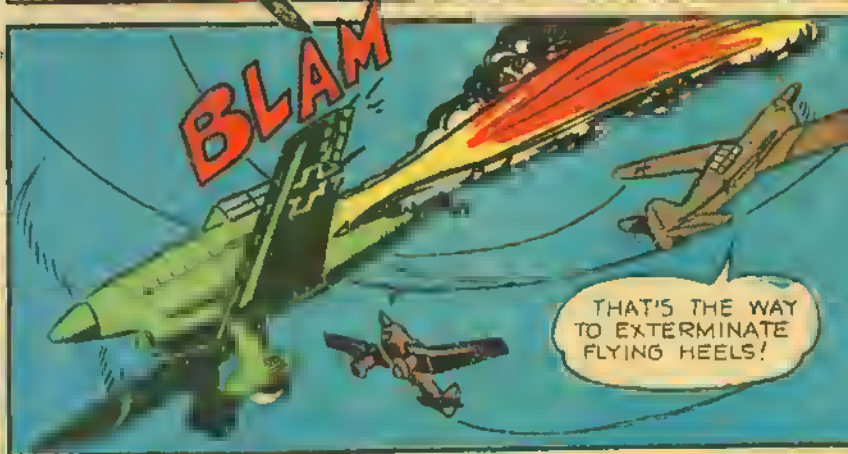


BLUE BOLT ENTERS THE ARGUMENT



THAT'S CUTTING THEM DOWN TO OUR SIZE!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



BLAM

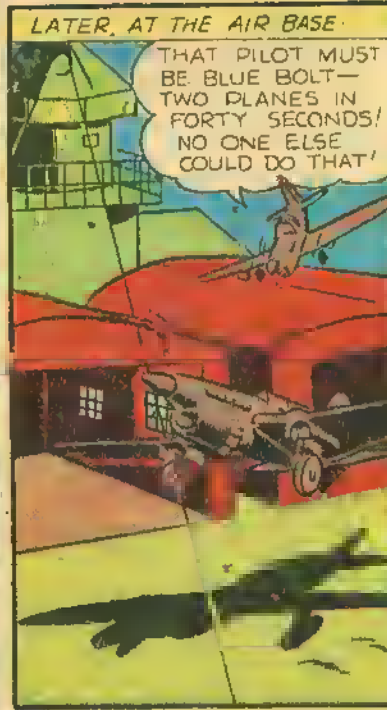
THAT'S THE WAY TO EXTERMINATE FLYING HEELS!

THE THIRD JUNKER TURNS TAIL AND HEADS FOR HOME. BLUE BOLT TAKES THE LEAD AND ESCORTS THE RUSSIAN FIGHTER HOME.

FOLLOW ME I'LL TAKE YOU TO FIELD OPERATIONAL BASE NUMBER SIX.



GOOD! THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO GO!

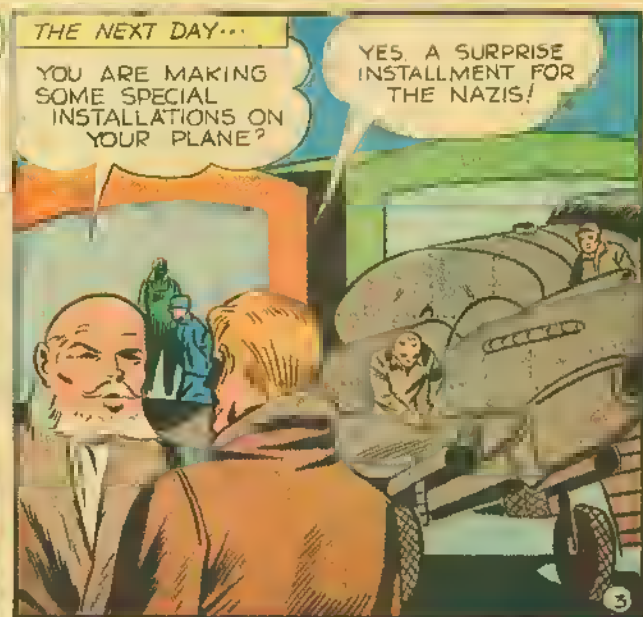
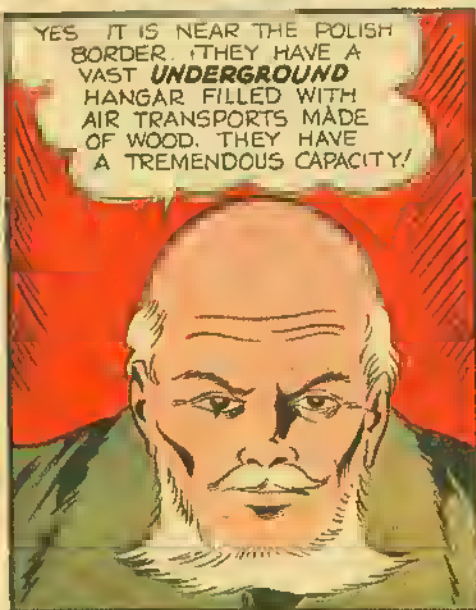


LATER, AT THE AIR BASE.

THAT PILOT MUST BE BLUE BOLT— TWO PLANES IN FORTY SECONDS! NO ONE ELSE COULD DO THAT!



WELL I'LL BE LOOPED! A CIVILIAN'S GETTING OUT OF THAT FIGHTER PLANE!



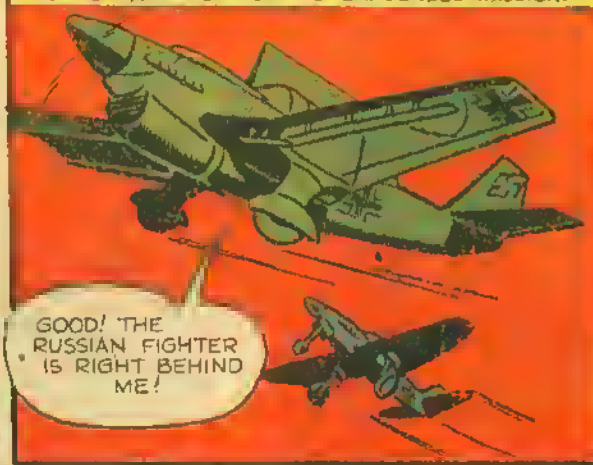
AND, LATER THAT SAME DAY...

THERE SHE IS,
BLUE BOLT—
EVEN TO THE
NAZI PAINT
JOB!

THE NAZI UNIFORM
COMPLETES THE GET-UP!
I SPEAK SOME GERMAN,
WHICH OUGHT TO HELP!



FINAL INSTRUCTIONS ARE GIVEN **BLUE BOLT**
AND HE TAKES OFF ON HIS DANGEROUS MISSION.



GOOD! THE
RUSSIAN FIGHTER
IS RIGHT BEHIND
ME!



ACH! WE ARE
FOREVER BEING
CHASED!

WE'LL SOON BE
OVER OUR MARK
THEN WE'LL
GIVE THESE HUNS
A SHOW!

THE TWO PLANES ROAR OVER THE
NAZI LINES...



GOOD THING THOSE
SHELLS ARE
BLANK.

ACH TUNG!
RUSSIAN FIGHTER
ATTACKING OUR PLANE!
OPEN FIRE!



ACH! USE DER
FOUR HUNDRED
FOOT FUSES!



I HOPE THAT LOOKED
REAL ENOUGH!



HOORAY! WE'VE
CHASED THE
MUSCOVITE AWAY!
OUR PILOT
COMES IN FOR
A LANDING
NOW...

THE PLANE ROLLS TO A HALT...

HERE COMES THE
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE!



DOT WAS A NARROW
ESCAPE, HERR LIEUTENANT.
WE WILL PUT YOUR
PLANE IN THE
HANGAR.

GOOT!
GOOT!



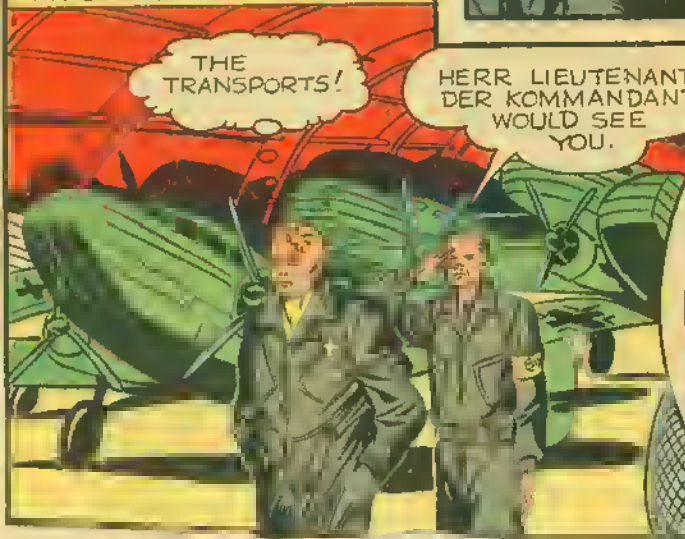
OH! THE
HIDDEN HANGAR!
THIS IS EASIER THAN
I HOPED!



INSIDE THE VAST HANGAR...

THE
TRANSPORTS!

HERR LIEUTENANT!
DER KOMMANDANT
WOULD SEE
YOU.



HEIL HITLER,
LIEUTENANT!

HEIL HITLER,
HERR
KOMMANDANT?



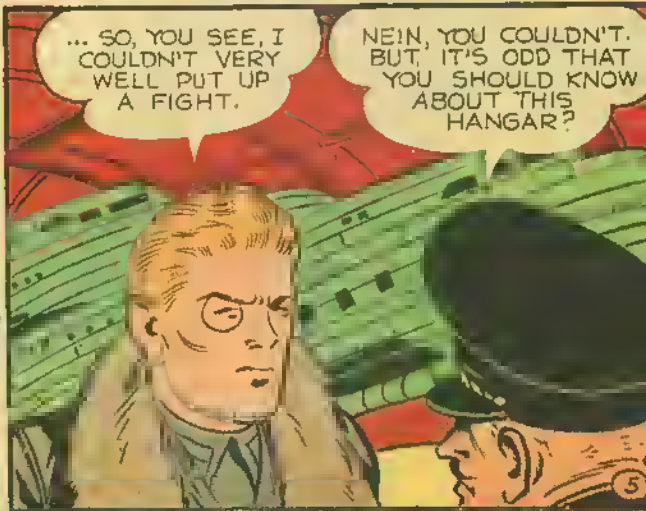
NAME? BASE? UND WHAT
ARE YOU DOING AT DER
SECRET
FIELD?

LIEUTENANT
FRITZ WEIR
FOURTH
INTERCEPTOR
KOMMAND. I
WAS OUT OF
AMMUNITION
WHEN THE
ENEMY ENGAGED
ME IN
COMBAT...



... SO, YOU SEE, I
COULDN'T VERY
WELL PUT UP
A FIGHT.

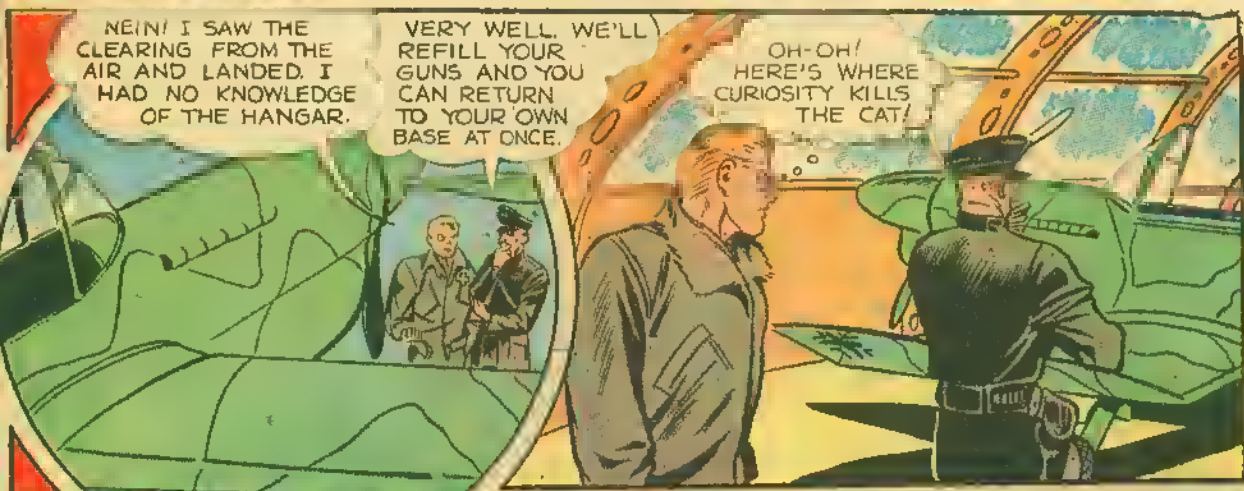
NEIN, YOU COULDN'T.
BUT, IT'S ODD THAT
YOU SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THIS
HANGAR?



NEIN! I SAW THE
CLEARING FROM THE
AIR AND LANDED. I
HAD NO KNOWLEDGE
OF THE HANGAR.

VERY WELL. WE'LL
REFILL YOUR
GUNS AND YOU
CAN RETURN
TO YOUR OWN
BASE AT ONCE.

OH-OH!
HERE'S WHERE
CURIOSITY KILLS
THE CAT!



ACH! DER
PAINT- IT ISS
WET!



LIEUTENANT WEIR!
COME HERE
AT ONCE!

THAT'S ME.
HERE GOES
MR. TROUBLE!



OH, BOY! THEY'VE
GOT ME COVERED ON ALL
SIDES... GUESS IT'S TIME
TO DIG OUT MY TRUMP
CARD- BUT FAST!

YES, HERR
KOMMANDANT?

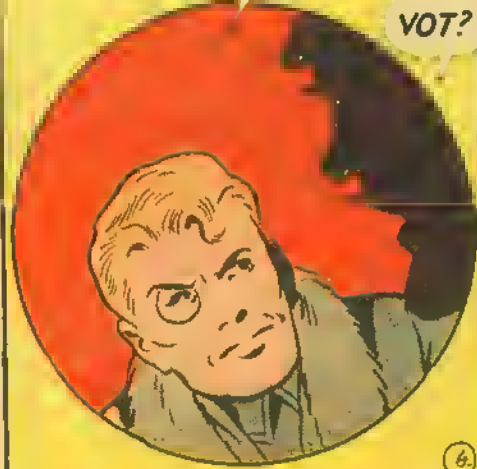


EXPLAIN HOW IT IS
YOUR PLANE HAS A
FRESH COAT OF PAINT
WHEN YOU ARE SUPPOSED
TO BE OUT ON PATROL.



IT'S SIMPLE, HERR KOMMANDANT.
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THE
MOOPHIS KRUPPIS HAS SHIPPED
THE LASHKIS FROM THE
MOFKIPOO!... GET IT?

VOT?



VOT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?

COME
CLOSER. I'LL
BE MORE
EXACT THIS
TIME!

DOES *THIS* DRIVE
THE MESSAGE
HOME?

NOW, TELL
THAT TO YOUR
PALS!

YEEE!

sock
sock

OW!

**BLUE BOLT DASHES TO HIS
PLANE.**

WHILE THEY TRY
TO FIGURE THINGS
OUT, I'LL GIVE THEM
ANOTHER PROBLEM.

THE PLANE'S MOTOR ROARS TO
LIFE!

STOP HIM!
HE'S GOING TO
CRASH DER
TRANSPORTS!

INSTEAD OF THE THROTTLE,
BLUE BOLT'S HAND CLOSES
ON THE GUN-FIRING CONTROL!

A CRESCENDO OF SEARING
FLAME BLAZES FROM
THE GUNS...

I'M GOING TO
GIVE 'EM THE
"HOT-FOOT
TREATMENT!"

BLUE BOLT JOCKEYS THE PLANE
ALONG THE ROW OF TRANSPORTS,
LEAVING ONLY FLAMING
HULKS BEHIND.

I'D BETTER GET
OUT OF HERE!

HAM THEY
WON'T USE THIS
PLACE AGAIN! I'LL
BET HITLER WILL
BURN WHEN HE HEARS
ABOUT IT!

BLUE BOLT HEADS
THE PLANE FOR
THE ENTRANCE

GUESS I'LL LEAVE
"THE SUPER-RACE" TO
IT'S OWN DIFFICULTIES

BUT...

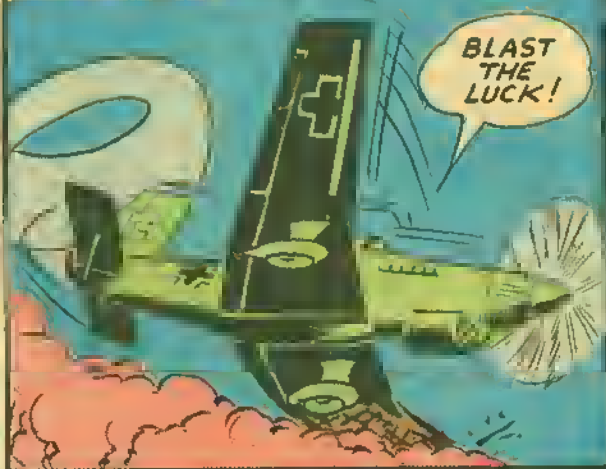
DONNER!
FIRE IS UPON
DER EXPLOSIVES!

AND...

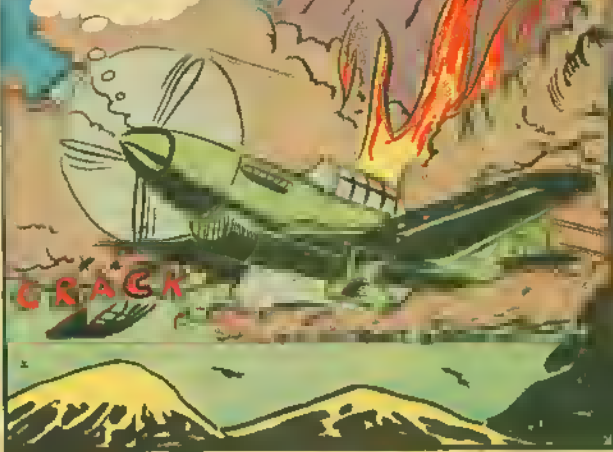
WOW!

BOOM

BLUE BOLT'S PLANE IS SENT SPINNING OUT OF THE HANGAR!



WOW! THERE GOES THE WING!

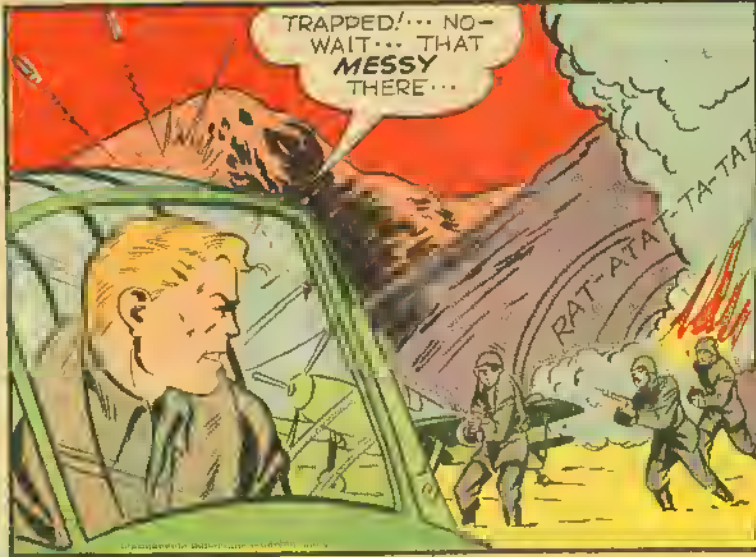


KILL HIM! HE CAN'T TAKE OFF!

MITT PLEASURE!



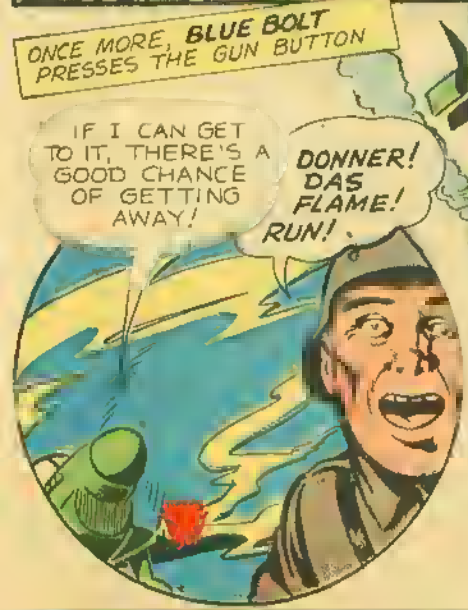
TRAPPED!... NO-WAIT... THAT MESSY THERE...



ONCE MORE, BLUE BOLT PRESSES THE GUN BUTTON

IF I CAN GET TO IT, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY!

DONNER! DAS FLAME! RUN!

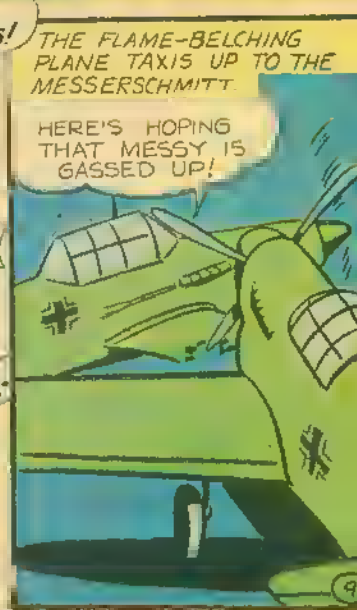


GIVE ME ROOM, YOU HEATHENS!



THE FLAME-BELCHING PLANE TAXIS UP TO THE MESSERSCHMITT

HERE'S HOPING THAT MESSY IS GASSED UP!



SPRINGING FROM HIS CRIPPLED PLANE,
BLUE BOLT DASHES FOR THE LONE
NAZI PLANE.

I'LL BET THIS IS
THE ONLY AIR-BOAT
ON THIS FIELD

BLUE BOLT TAKES OFF!

INFERNAL
AMERICAN
PIG!

SO LONG,
SUCKERS!

THEN -

THE FIRE FINALLY HIT
THEIR MAIN AMMUNITION
DUMP! HUH! - JUST A
DUMP - JUST A DUMP!

BACK OVER HIS BASE, BLUE BOLT GETS
A HOSTILE GREETING ..

OH! I FORGOT -
I CHANGED PLANES!

BAM

BOOM

NOTHING MORE I CAN DO BUT
HIT THE
SILK!

THE GALLANT ACE LANDS ..

DON'T SHOOT -
IT'S BLUE BOLT!

HYER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU DID IT
BLUE BOLT! OUR
AGENT'S REPORT
COMPLETE
DESTRUCTION OF
THE HANGAR
AND PLANES
AND SEVERAL
HUNDRED
NAZIS
TO BOOT!
IT
WAS
REALLY
QUITE SIMPLE

KRISKO ...and... JASPER

THE TWO SEA GOING COWBOYS HAVE LOST THEIR "BATTLE WAGON" THE TWO-MAN SUBMARINE WHICH THEY CALLED THE "BLUE BOLT" - THE NIPS BOMBED THEM AND NOW THEY'VE FOUND A CHEST OF PIRATE TREASURE BURIED BY OLD CAPTAIN KIDD HIMSELF - BUT WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH IT? THEY CAN'T GET OFF THE ISLAND!!

THIS IS A PER-DIK-A-MENT WE IS MA-ROON-ED ON THIS ISLAND WITH A PIRATE'S TREASURE, WHICH WE CAN'T SPEND ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO BUY!

3000 MILES FROM THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. AND NOT A BOAT IN SIGHT!

WARREN

HERE WE IS - TWO RICH HOMBRES AND IT AIN'T DOIN US NO GOOD!

GREAT GOBS OF GRIEF

AND OUR LITTLE OLD "BLUE BOLT" BATTLE WAGON LAYIN' OUT THERE SOMEWHERE ON TH' BOTTOM OF TH' OCEAN, BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS --

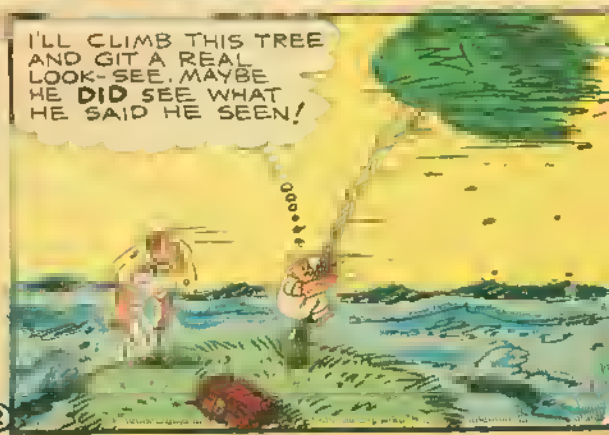
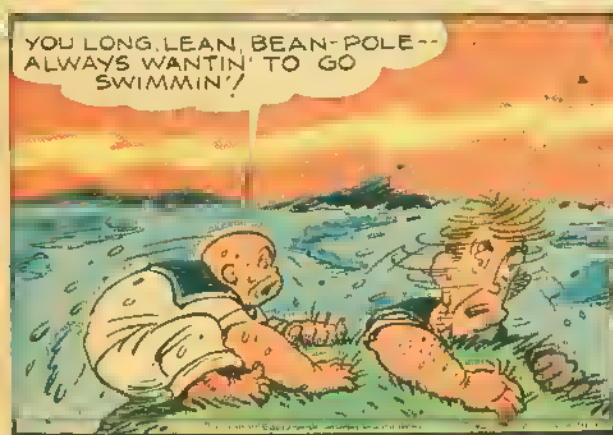
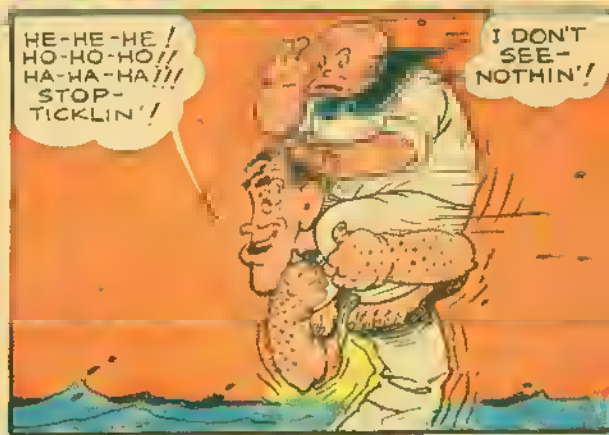
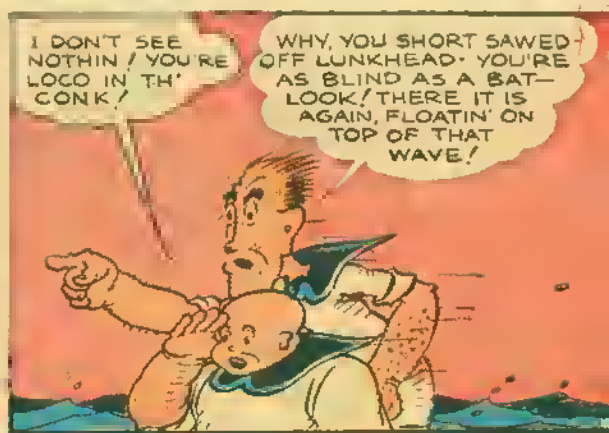
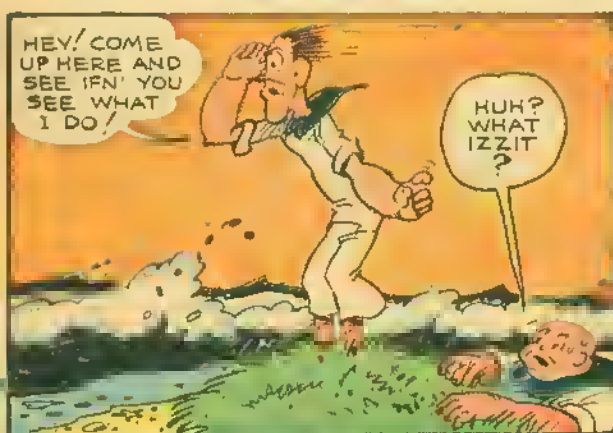
SAY, THAT REMINDS ME!

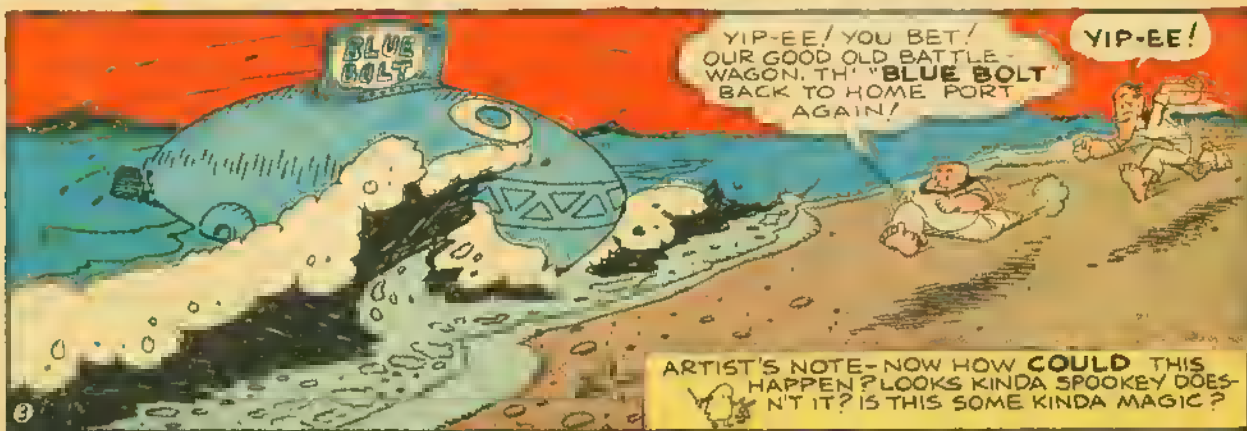
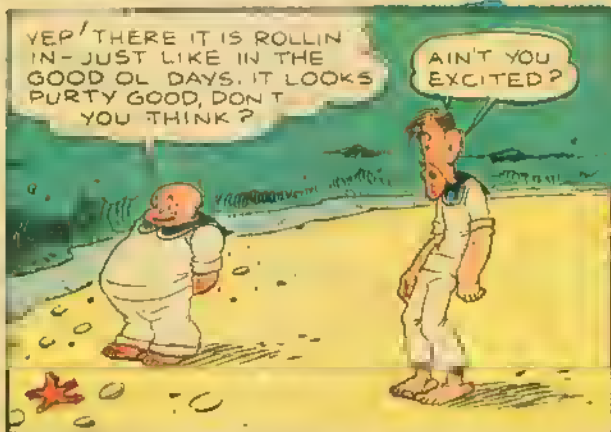
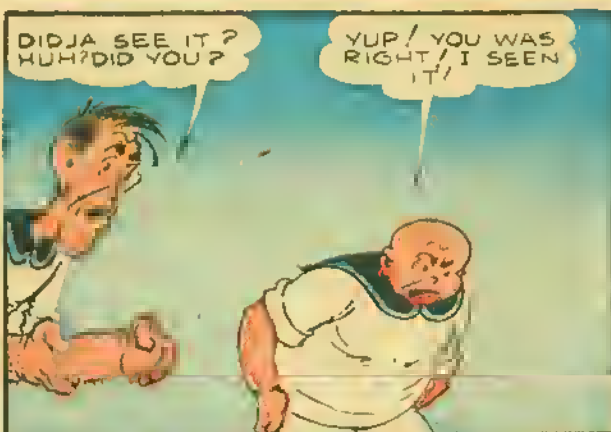
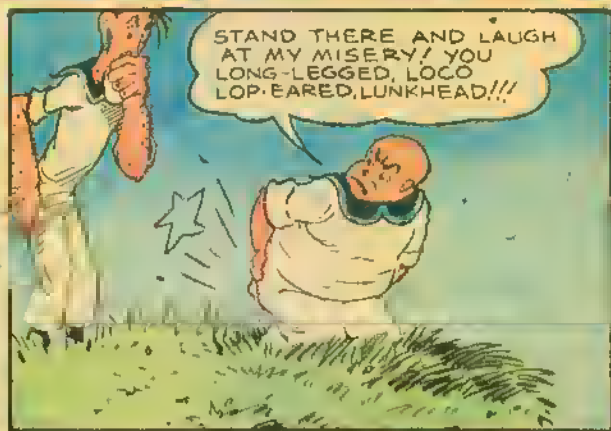
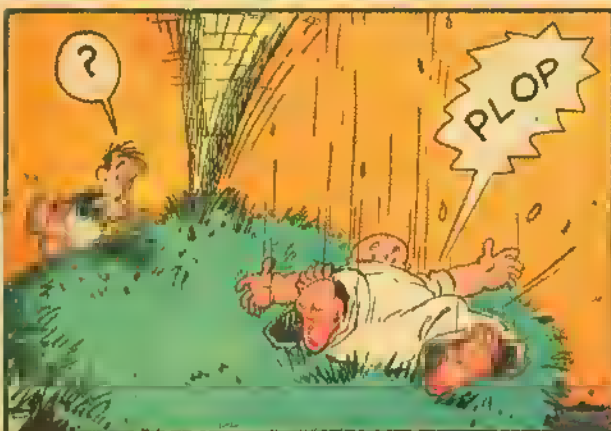
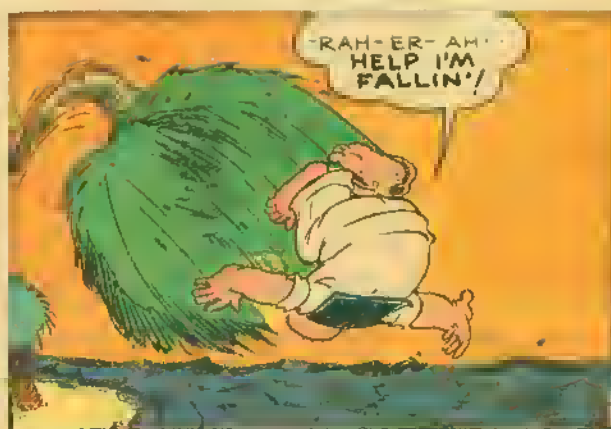
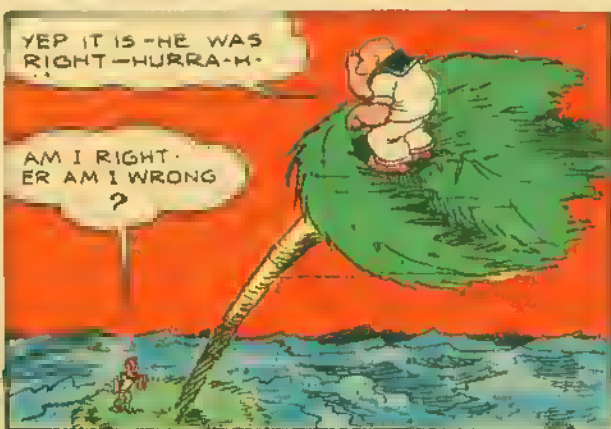
WHAT BECOME OF OUR LITTLE PARD, LUTE? I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE TH' BATTLE STARTED - DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WENT DOWN WITH TH' "BLUE BOLT"?

MI-GOSH I NEVER THOUGHT OF HIM!

HE WAS A NICE LITTLE FELLER. I GOT KINDA USED TO HIM! WHAT WAS HE ANYWAY? WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK! I'LL BET HE WAS ONE OF THEM LITTLE 'GREMLIN' FELLERS!





YEP THAS IT-BUT HOW CAN
IT BE? IT SUNK, DIDN'T
IT? HOW'D IT GET
HERE THEN?

'S FATE I
GUESS!

BLUE
BOLT

WHATTA YOU MEAN FATE? IT WAS
SEAMANSHIP/ ME AND ME BRUD-
DAH'S SALVAGED TH' OLD TUB
AND SAILED 'ER!

BLUE
BOLT

YOU TWO LANDLUBBERS
DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'
'BOUT SAILIN' PIG-
BOATS!

ME AND ME BRUDDAH
GOT 'ER BACK ON AN
EVEN KEEL, SWABBED
ER DOWN AND THAR
SHE BLOWS—

ARE WE LOCO? OR BE WE
DREAMING? OR IS IT WHAT
IT IS?

HEY!
BRUDDAH,
COME
HERE!!

SPEAK UP, BRUDDAH—YOU
TELL 'EM HOW WE SALVAGED
THE OLD TUB!

NO, WE DON'T SEE NO
BRUDDAH/ AND ANOTHER
THING, YOU TELL US
WHO YOU ARE AND
WHERE YOU
CAME
FROM!

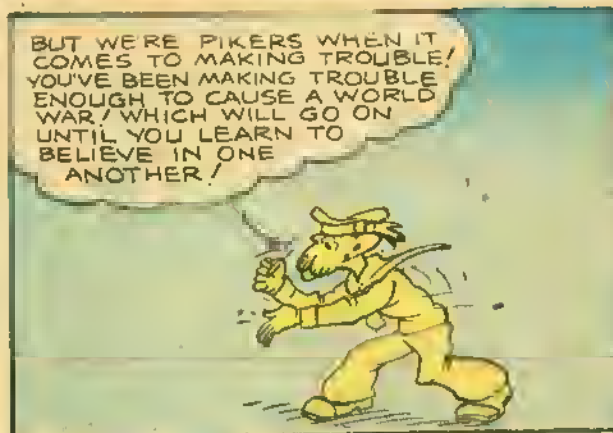
SIT DOWN, MATEYS, AND I'LL
SPIN YOU A YARN... TH'
STORY OF MY LIFE!



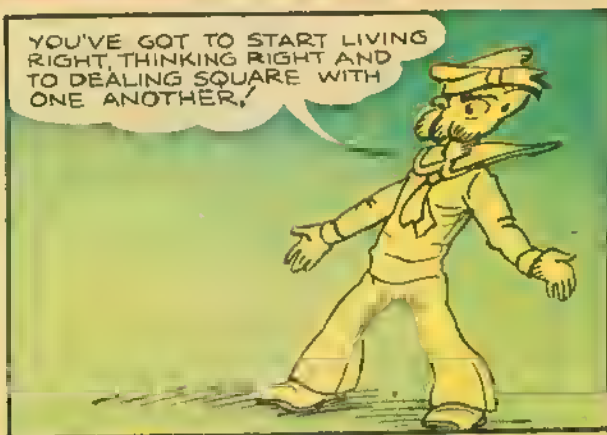
I'M A GREMLIN. MY PEOPLE LIVE
ALL OVER THE WORLD—OUR
BUSINESS IS TO ANNOY
YOUR PEOPLE—AND PLAY
JOKES ON YOU—BECAUSE
YOU DON'T BELIEVE
IN US—



BUT WERE PIKERS WHEN IT
COMES TO MAKING TROUBLE!
YOU'VE BEEN MAKING TROUBLE
ENOUGH TO CAUSE A WORLD
WAR! WHICH WILL GO ON
UNTIL YOU LEARN TO
BELIEVE IN ONE
ANOTHER!



YOU'VE GOT TO START LIVING
RIGHT, THINKING RIGHT AND
TO DEALING SQUARE WITH
ONE ANOTHER!



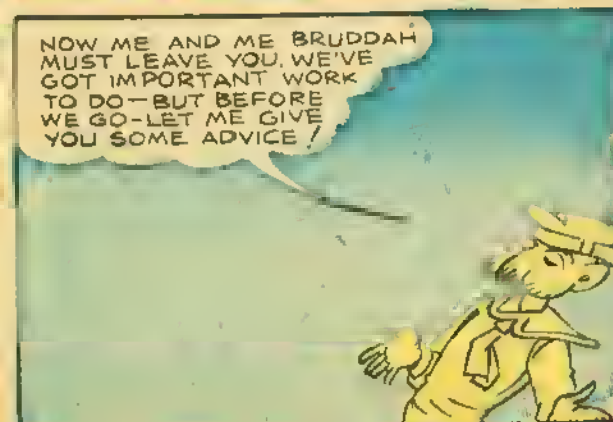
THEN WE WILL WORK WITH
YOU TO MAKE THIS OLD
WORLD A BETTER PLACE
TO LIVE IN FOR GROWNUPS,
KIDS AND GREMLINS!



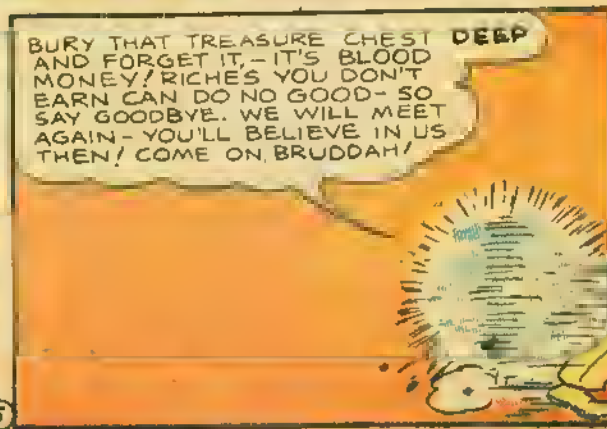
THINK OF IT—WE'LL BUILD
CANDY CITIES, RIVERS OF
SODA POP, AND
ICE CREAM IGLOOS
AND RAISE LOLLY-
POP TREES FOR
THE KIDS!

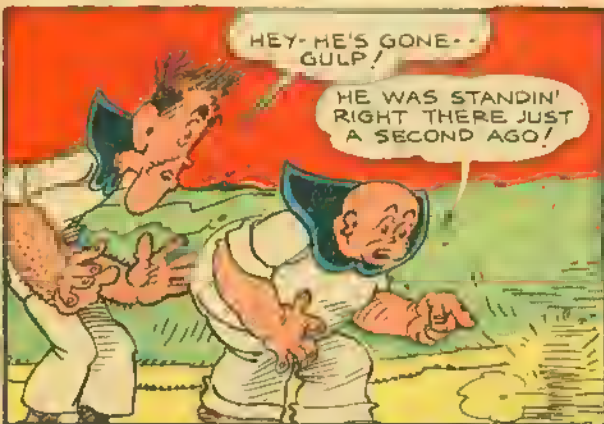


NOW ME AND ME BRUDDAH
MUST LEAVE YOU. WE'VE
GOT IMPORTANT WORK
TO DO—BUT BEFORE
WE GO—LET ME GIVE
YOU SOME ADVICE!



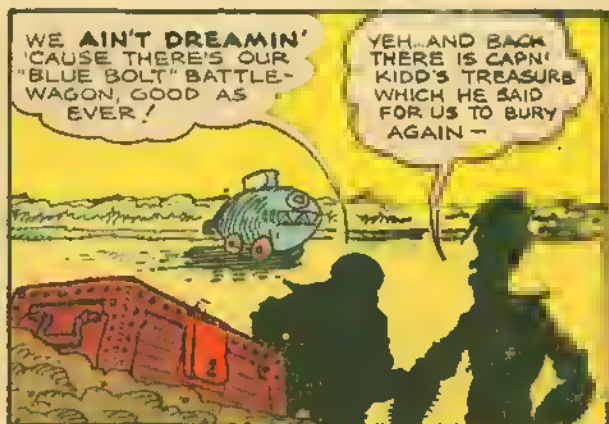
BURY THAT TREASURE CHEST **DEEP**
AND FORGET IT.—IT'S BLOOD
MONEY! RICHES YOU DON'T
EARN CAN DO NO GOOD—SO
SAY GOODBYE. WE WILL MEET
AGAIN—YOU'LL BELIEVE IN US
THEN! COME ON, BRUDDAH!





HEY- HE'S GONE-
GULP!

HE WAS STANDIN'
RIGHT THERE JUST
A SECOND AGO!



WE AIN'T DREAMIN'
'CAUSE THERE'S OUR
"BLUE BOLT" BATTLE-
WAGON, GOOD AS
EVER!

YEH- AND BACK
THERE IS CAPN'
KIDD'S TREASURE
WHICH HE SAID
FOR US TO BURY
AGAIN -



GOSH! I HATE TO BURY THIS TREASURE
AGAIN- THINK OF TH' FUN WE COULD
HAVE SPENDIN' IT!

I DON'T NOTICE
YOU DOIN' ANY
WORK IN THE
BURIAL OF
SAID TREASURE!



WE'LL COVER IT UP SO NO ONE
WILL EVER FIND IT AGAIN! AND
WE WON'T MAKE A MAP WHERE
WE BURIED IT EITHER!

WHATTA YOU MEAN WE?
YOU'RE TH' LAZIEST NO-
COUNT, NO-GOOD LOAFER
I EVER KNEWED! WE-
PHOOEY!



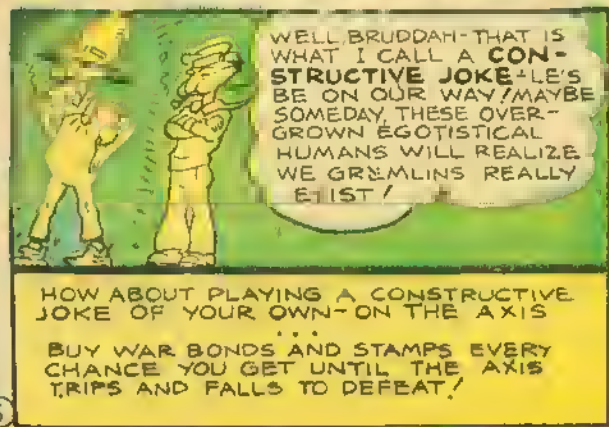
WELL THAT'S THAT- I'M ALL IN FROM
MY EX-ZIRK-SHUN ---- WE'LL REPORT
TO GENERAL MAC ARTHUR NOW THAT
WE'RE READY FOR ACTION AGAIN!



KRISKO AND JASPER REPORTIN' FOR
DUTY- WE'VE SALVAGED OUR
"BLUE BOLT" BATTLE-WAGON
AND ARE READY TO SLAP
MORE JAPS! OKEY-DOKE!
WE'LL PULL OUT PRONTO!



SAILING-SAILING OVER TH'
BOUNDIN' MAIN! WE'LL
HUNT NIPS UNTIL PEACE
RETURNS AGAIN!

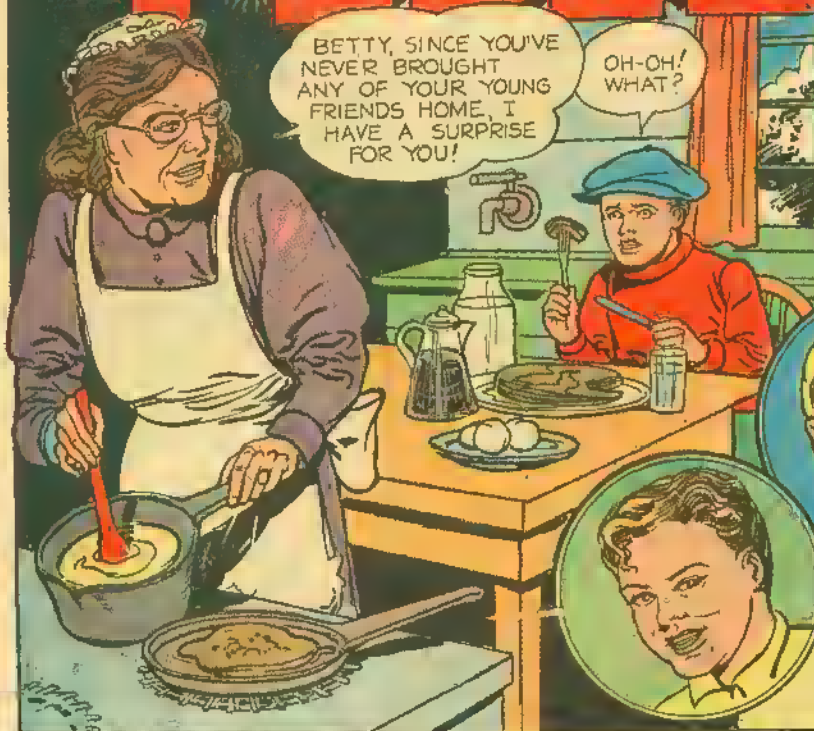


WELL BRUDDAH- THAT IS
WHAT I CALL A CON-
STRUCTIVE JOKE- LE'S
BE ON OUR WAY! MAYBE
SOMEDAY THESE OVER-
GROWN EGOTISTICAL
HUMANS WILL REALIZE
WE GREMLINS REALLY
EXIST!

HOW ABOUT PLAYING A CONSTRUCTIVE
JOKE OF YOUR OWN- ON THE AXIS

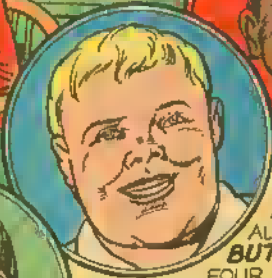
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY
CHANCE YOU GET UNTIL THE AXIS
TRIPS AND FALLS TO DEFEAT!

FEARLESS FELLERS



BETTY, SINCE YOU'VE NEVER BROUGHT ANY OF YOUR YOUNG FRIENDS HOME, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

OH-OH! WHAT?



AS THE READER ALREADY KNOWS, **BUTCH** - ONE OF THE FOUR **FEARLESS FELLERS**, IS REALLY A GIRL WHO MASQUERADES AS A BOY IN ORDER TO BELONG TO THE BOYS' CLUB. HOWEVER, SHE HAS NEVER EXPLAINED THIS TO HER AUNT, WITH WHOM SHE LIVES.

I BOUGHT YOU A PRETTY, NEW DRESS TO WEAR AT YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY THIS AFTER-NOON. I WANT TO MEET ALL...

GEE, AUNT MARTHA - I DON'T WANT A PARTY!

I THINK YOU'RE ASHAMED OF ME... OF YOUR HOME! (sob)

THAT'S NOT IT, AUNT MARTHA. - OH, WELL... I'D REALLY **LIKE** A PARTY.

BUTCH DECIDES TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

GEE! THE GANG WON'T WANT ME AROUND ANY MORE!

BUTCH! WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU. HURRY UP!



BUTCH TRIES TO EXPLAIN BUT...

FELLOWS, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU.

HEY!

SAVE IT! WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU TO PLAY FOLLOW-
THE LEADER.

AND, AS THE GAME PROGRESSES...

JUST LISTEN A MINUTE—I GOTTA TELL YOU ABOUT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

PARTY? YOURS, BUTCH?

OH, GOSH! HERE IT COMES!

WELL, IS IT YOUR BIRTHDAY?

WELL, YES... I MEAN, NO... YOU SEE...

BUTCH SUDDENLY GETS AN IDEA!

YES, IT'S MY BIRTHDAY—
BUT THE PARTY IS REALLY
FOR MY *TWIN SISTER*!
YOU SEE, SHE'S BEEN AWAY
AT BOARDING
SCHOOL, AND...

A TWIN
SISTER!

YEP!

HEAD'S
UP!

LATER, AT THE CLUB HOUSE...

DOES SHE LOOK
ANYTHING LIKE
YOU, BUTCH?

OH, YES!
QUITE A
BIT, BUT
YOU'LL SEE
FOR YOURSELF
THIS AFTERNOON.
S'LONG!

OH!

THAT AFTERNOON...

YEAH!
THERE'S THE
PARTY STUFF.
SEE ALL THE
CAKE!

THIS MUST
BE BUTCH'S
HOUSE.

TCH!
NO
WATER-
MELON!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

SEEN BUTCH,
CHUCK?

NO. I...
HEY!

HELLO, BOYS!
I'M BETTY- BUTCH'S
SISTER. HE'S TOLD
ME A LOT ABOUT
YOU!

BUTCH- OR BETTY, AS YOU PREFER-
PUTS THE FARCE OVER WITH A BANG!

HOW DO YOU
DO, BETTY!

GOSH! SHE
DOES LOOK
LIKE HIM,
DOESN'T SHE!

HAVE YOU SEEN
BUTCH? WE'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR HIM.

OH,
THAT
BOY!
HE HATES
BEING TWINS!

HE... AH...
MUST HAVE
DUCKED!

HA, HA! JUST
LIKE OLD
BUTCH! LET'S
LOOK FOR HIM!

AND I'M
NOT
KIDDING!

THEY SCOUT THE GROUNDS FOR BUTCH IN VAIN.

HE'S CERTAINLY
NOT HERE-BUT
I HAVE A
HUNCH...

WHAT'S
THAT?

I'LL... I'LL BET HE'S
DOWN AT YOUR CLUB HOUSE
RIGHT NOW!

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!
HE TOLD US TO
COME AND THEN
HE

EXCUSE ME!
AUNT MARTHA NEEDS
SOME HELP SO LONG!

A SHORT TIME LATER~

PHREW! LET'S
BEAT IT
HUH, CHUCK?

WE
MIGHT
AS WELL
YOU TWO HAVE
EATEN
EVERYTHING
IN SIGHT!

BUT, GEE - I
HATE TO RUN OUT
ON BETTY LIKE
THIS!

SHE RAN OUT
ON US,
DIDN'T SHE?

YES BUT..

AW, COME
ON! BUTCH
LEFT IT,
DIDN'T HE?

HEADING FOR THE SHACK, THE
BOYS FIND

I STILL THINK
WE..

SKIP IT!
THERE'S BUTCH
NOW! HEY!

HI!

HOPE THEY DON'T
RECOGNIZE - I
HOPE - I HOPE!

YOU'RE A
FINE GUY!

HEY!

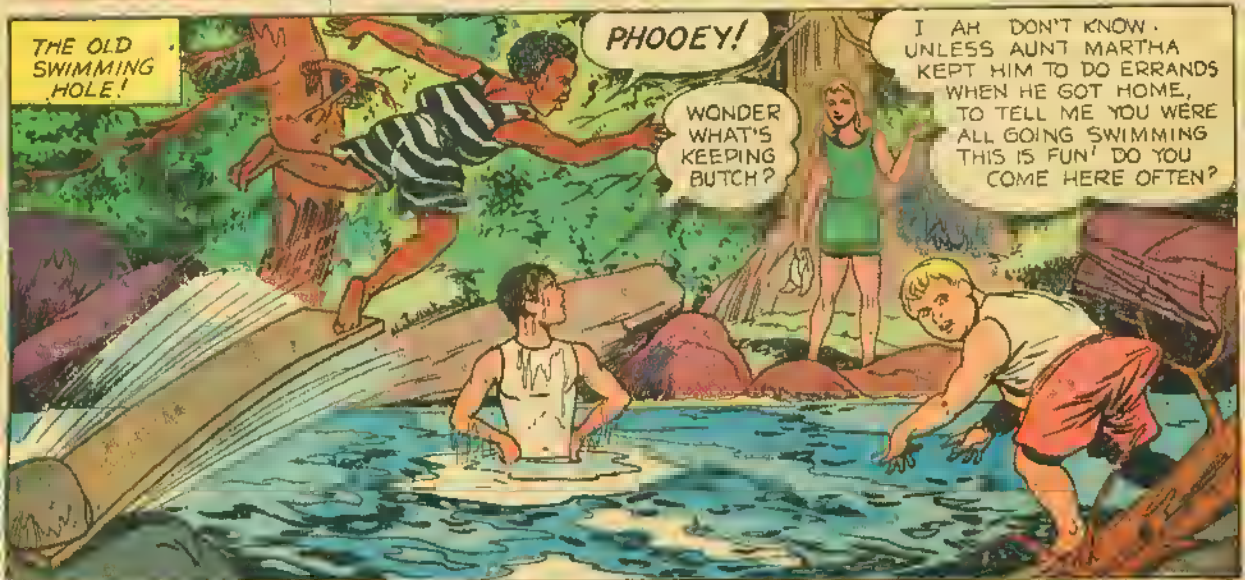
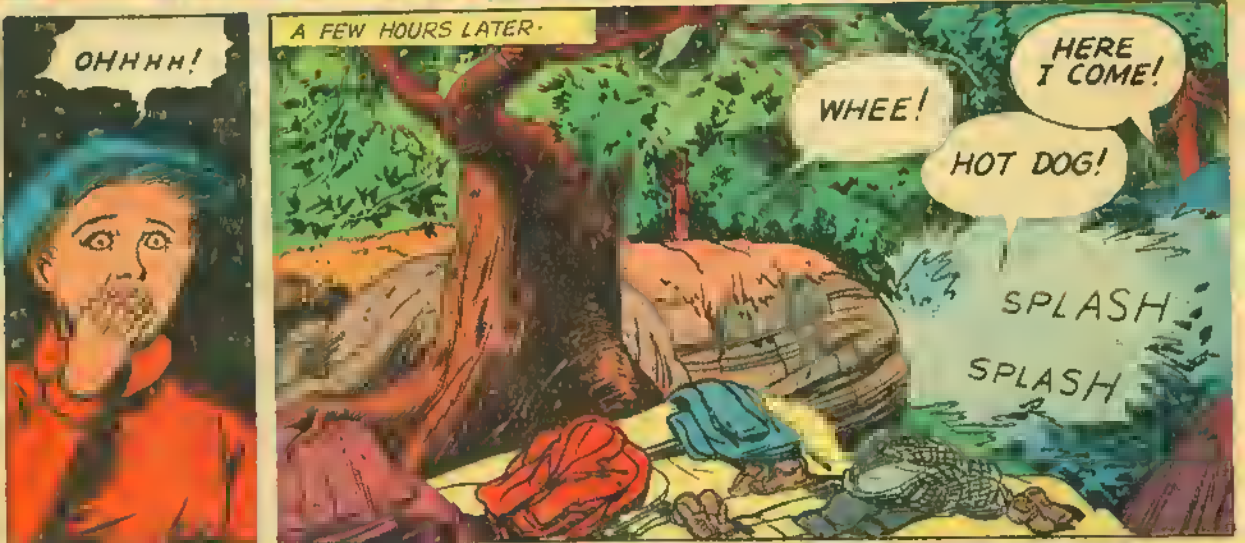
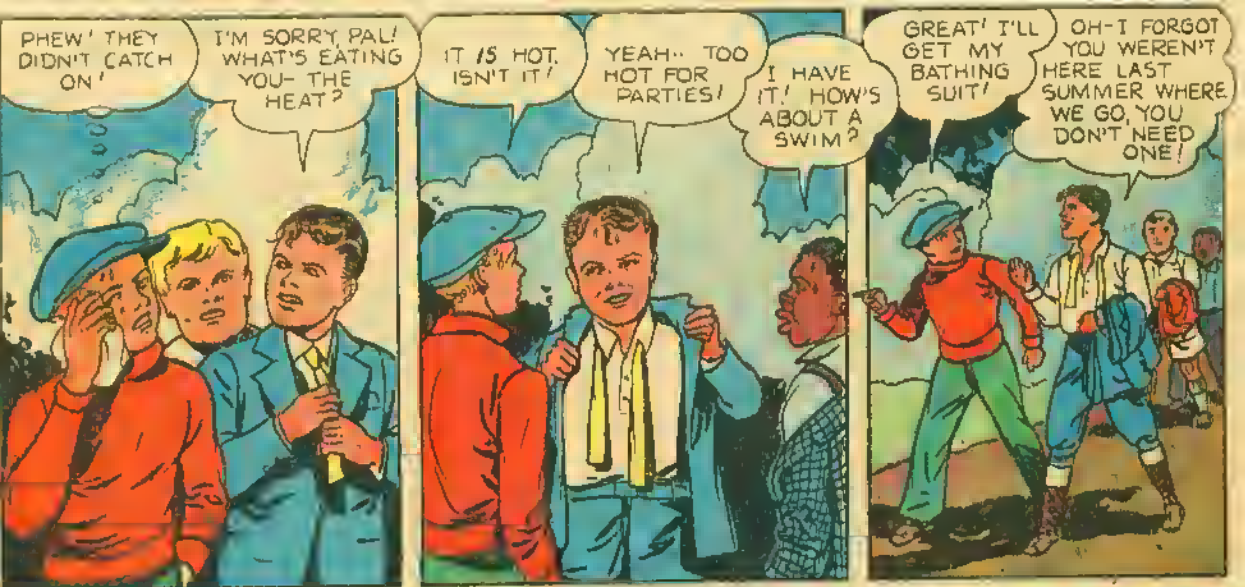
BUTCH HITS ON THE FINAL TOUCH...

TAKE THAT
BACK!

YEAH?

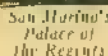
AW, BUTCH!
WHY CAN'T YOU
BE NICE LIKE
YOUR SISTER?

NICE THINKING, BUTCH! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE
IN THE CLEAR AGAIN.



By Eugene L. Pollock

It was a fine spring day one morning in the year 1797 when Napoleon's messenger arrived at the Palace of the Regents in the tiny republic of San Marino. The great conqueror, who was eventually to be defeated by England after he had beaten nearly all of Europe, sent word to the people of San Marino of "his peaceful intentions and everlasting friendship." Napoleon had also sent the same kind of message to other countries before his armies marched in to "protect" them, so the peaceful citizens of San Marino forgot the bright skies of the spring day and worried about their future.



There was no army to defend them against Napoleon's mighty forces and the people were afraid that they would have to give in without a struggle. Their leaders believed that the dictator would make San Marino the center of one of the many republics with which he filled Italy. Out of them Napoleon carved kingdoms and principalities that he gave to his relatives and to generals who had won victories for him.

At that moment not a single person in San Marino would have bet a solitary centesimi against all the gold in Europe that his tiny country had very long to exist as a free land. But Antonio Onofri, a leading citizen of the little nation, who, like his countrymen, felt that all was lost, had an idea that could be of no harm and might yet save San Marino. He went to his home and wrote for three days and nights, only stopping to drink a little wine to keep up his strength. Onofri tore up letter after letter, each time writing anew. Finally, he felt that he had written the right one. He rewrote it in the correct fashion and addressed it to Napoleon.

It said in part: "Your army and its young and brave leader, who is not only a hero but one of the wisest of all men, follow in the steps of Hannibal (he was the great general of the Carthage army which had invaded Italy many centuries ago) and bring back the wonders of the ancient days; your eyes are now looking at a spot of ground where all that is left of liberty has come to be safe . . . " " . . . but, as of old, San Marino only asks to be left alone."

Napoleon had never received such a brave message before and the great soldier read and reread it. After days of thought, he decided to leave San Marino to itself. It was of no importance to him for waging war, so he respected the plea to be left alone.

The advertisers on these pages are making special offers to attract new regular buyers for their stamps. Along with the advertised stamps you will receive other stamps "on approval." These remain the property of the stamp dealer until you buy all or any you choose. The unpurchased stamps, at the money for them, must be returned within ten days after receipt. Failure to do so may be a violation of the law.

SIX BIO ITEMS! (1) "Queer Country!" Paskel
DePaul, Gwolson, etc. (2) Paskel mice Ruvinski
calculus price (50¢) (3) Paskel Zoo Paskel) camel,
salatopas, Paskel-oo die Paskel slaps (puck
Paskel) Paskel-oo die Paskel-oo die Paskel-oo die
Cult Insects, Spins, Philippines, etc. (8) Illustrated
32-page booklet-1000 while he look lot, and sell
flames with up to \$10,000 apiece! EVERYTHING
FOR ONLY \$3 TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS!

WORLD WIDE SALES CO. Dept. 700 A CAMDEN, N.J. 08105

We'll be glad to help you with your stamp problems. Write to Eugene I. Pollock, Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York City.

Many have stamps from Afghanistan, the largest of all countries to get stamps from! We'll send a large size, RARE, unused AFGHANISTAN stamp showing the famous KABUL MOSQUE, a very old unused ANDORRA Com-d'Arms (World's smallest Republic), a RARE important issued old NINETEENTH CENTURY UNITED STATES COMMERCE stamp, NEW ZEALAND "rare used" stamp, old old NINETEENTH CENTURY UNITED STATES COMMERCE Belgium, Swiss money, Phila "George Washington" and 100 other nice different stamps for only 19¢.

REPOSTAGE REFUNDABLE. NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES. ORDER BY MAIL OR TELEPHONE. INCLUDE ONLY ONE ORDER PER PERSON.

WM. PENN STAMP CO. P. O. BOX 303, PHILA. PA.

III Big collection of 132 all different genuine stamps, from Alaska, South America, South Sea Islands, etc., including Nicaragua airmail; tenage and animal stamps; many others. [2] 3 scarce values United States, val. since 20c. [3] Fine pack of 25 all United States, including 10c. Jamaica, 12c. St. Kitts, 10c. U.S. 34.00 and 5.00 high values. Total valued only 40c. \$4.00. Everything for only 8c to approval applicants! Big lists of others bet. 10c. and 100c.

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 5-A, CAMDEN, N. Y.

Send today for his new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps! Also fine pocket sizer, interesting stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Portugal, Cyprus, etc., including Maps, Ships, Animals and strange scenes. All free in approval shipments including 3c postage.

Garcelon Stamp Co. Calm. Mass

W. C. BOOKMAN Box 145E Maplewood, N. J.

W. C. BOOKMAN Box 145E Maplewood, N. J.

Few collectors have met such these
few U. S. localities. Issued by Walls,
Fargo & Co. in 1861. Spure originals
are practically nonexistent, we will
send a pair and 100 beautiful reproductions
for approval applications who in-
crease 40 10000 called 6061675.

R. D. ROBERTS & CO., 612 Chester, Wld., Ray City, Minn.

R. D. ROBERTS & CO., 612 Wheeler Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

Bring me a postcard and we will send you by return mail a fine specimen of compositus, humilis and ruscus. With today.

HUBBARD & CAMP CO. Dept. 29
1227 Mellon Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.



FREE!!! Also an Austria World War airplane' clearly not painting traps anyone. While our limited supply items we will send additional applications than two sets of stamps for only 4c (last entry) service charge.

L. O. WILLIAMS & CO., 712 Ashmun Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

included in each parcel of 23 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS. Also 10 new special cancellations sending 3c postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.

**CROWN & STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K,
ELINT, MICHIGAN**



FREE!!! A rollcall of stamps from our collection of the New World, including a valuable pre-prohibition U.S. three C. S. album 61 years old, dating back to 1848. In addition to our approval selections including numerous interesting stamps of the world. Send 42 stamp sheets with charge.

OWENS STAMP CO., 912 Welsh Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

CENSUS SET COMPLETE
Free to approval applicants
PLADON STAMP CO.
1717 Idaho, Dept. B, Toledo, Ohio

newsy, informative, well-illustrated

96 WEEKS FOR 25¢

26 WEEKS FOR 25¢
ON JUNIOR PAGE: TOP

Our JUNIOR PAGE is TOPS

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

